

THE COMIC MAGAZINE THAT DARED TO BE DIFFERENT!



MAY  
no. 48

# DAREDEVIL

10¢ *The Greatest* in Comics

IN THIS **2** DAREDEVIL stories

LEV GLEASON PUBLISHER · CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD EDITORS

YOU'VE BEEN A GIRL LONG ENOUGH, JOE! I WANNA TRY THE WIG ON! TAKE IT OFF—HEY, IT WON'T COME OFF—MAYBE IT'S REAL!

FOR "GOODNESS" SAKES, LET GO! IT WON'T COME OFF BECAUSE IT'S GLUED ON! ON!

DID YOU HEAR THAT? SHE FORGOT TO DISGUISE HER VOICE. IF SHE'S A BOY, THEN I'M A MONKEY'S UNCLE!

MAYBE JOE IS A GIRL!

A GIRL??

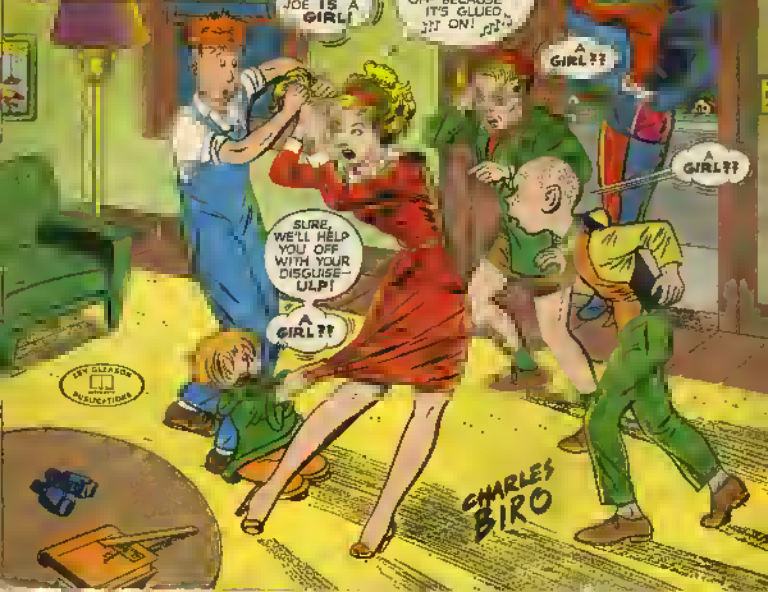
A GIRL??

SURE, WE'LL HELP YOU OFF WITH YOUR DISGUISE—ULP!

A GIRL??



CHARLES BIRO







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# PREMIUMS GIVEN CASH COMMISSION



Mail Coupon  
NOW

BOYS  
GIRLS

53rd  
YEAR

SEND  
NO  
MONEY  
NOW

ACT  
NOW

NO  
MONEY  
NOW

WE  
TRUST  
YOU

BOYS - GIRLS - LADIES! SEND NO MONEY NOW!  
SEND NAME AND ADDRESS ON COUPON

Genuine 22 cal. Hoban Rifles, 1000 Shot Repeater Daisy Air Rifles with tube of shot, Footballs, Latest Design Alarm Clocks, Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, Jewelry (sent postage paid), Boys - Girls Full Size Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mud burns, easily sold to friends, neighbors and relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount called for under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order Salve and Pictures sent postage paid by us to start. Mail coupon NOW! WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. A-53, TYRONE, PA.

## PREMIUMS Or Cash GIVEN



ACT  
NOW

BE  
FIRST



BOYS! - GIRLS!  
LADIES! - MEN!  
Newest Design  
Wrist Watches,  
Pocket Watches  
(sent postage paid).  
Other Premiums or  
Cash Commission  
now easily yours.  
**SIMPLY GIVE** art  
pictures with White  
CLOVERINE Brand  
SALVE sold at 25  
cents a box (with  
picture) and remit  
per catalog. Write  
for starting order.

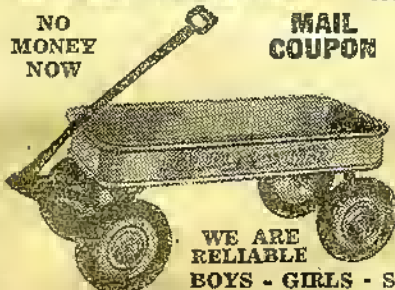
WILSON CHEM. CO., Dept. B-53, TYRONE, PA.

## PREMIUMS OR CASH GIVEN

NO  
MONEY  
NOW

MAIL  
COUPON

53rd YEAR



WE ARE  
RELIABLE

BOYS - GIRLS - SEND NO MONEY NOW

Exact Movie Projector with one roll of film, Electric Record Players, Billboards, Blankets, Rifles, Watches (sent postage paid), Radio Steel Wagons, Body Size 34 x 15 1/2 x 4 1/2, Full Battion Tires (sent express charges collect). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and return amount called for under Premium wanted in catalog. Write or mail coupon today for trial order of Salve and Pictures sent on trust to start. Be first. We are fair and reliable. Our 53rd successful year. Mail coupon NOW! WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. C-53, TYRONE, PA.

ACT  
NOW

## GIVEN PREMIUMS or CASH

## PREMIUMS - GIVEN - CASH

BOYS - GIRLS  
LADIES - SEND  
NO MONEY  
NOW

Lovable fully dressed  
Dolls over 15 inches  
in height. Wrist  
Watches, Pocket

Watches, Alarm Clocks (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with order postage paid to start. Be first. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. D-53, TYRONE, PA.

### MAIL COUPON TODAY

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. CH-53, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....  
Gentlemen—Please send me on trial 12 colorful art pictures with 12 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

Name..... Age.....

St..... RD..... Box.....

Town..... No..... State.....

Print LAST Name Here

Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW

## WE ARE RELIABLE

BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES!  
Electric excellent tone Record Players, Dolls, Jewelry (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount called for under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order to start. WILSON CHEM. CO., Dept. E-53, TYRONE, PA.



53rd  
YEAR

ACT  
NOW

# AMAZING! NEW!

## ELECTRONIC JUKE-BOX BANK

Now You Can Get a KICK out of Saving!  
**LIGHTS MAGICALLY!**

— WHEN COIN IS INSERTED

**H**ERE is the most remarkable bank ever offered to the public. Imagine getting a bank that looks and works like a real Juke Box. It's great fun to insert coins from pennies up to quarters and watch the Juke Box Bank **MAGICALLY LIGHT UP** just like a real Juke Box would. Made of colorful plastic and metal, beautifully hand pointed. Makes saving a pleasure.



1. Pull plunger out the way as shown



2. Place coin in slot provided



3. Push plunger all the way in



4. Watch it magically light up!

### SEND NO MONEY

Just send name and address. Pay postman \$1.69 plus a few cents postage on delivery or send a check or money order, we pay postage. Inspect the Juke Box Bank for five days. If not delighted, return it and your money will be cheerfully refunded. Send your order NOW.



**IT LIGHTS!**  
when coin is inserted



only  
**\$1.69**

### SEND NO MONEY

SHAR-LEE CO., Dept. F 1  
Chicago, Ill. 429 West Superior St

Send me the Electronic Juke Box Bank on 10 day trial at only \$1.69 each. I may return within 10 days for full purchase price refund.

Name

Address

City  Zone  State

☐ I am enclosing \$1.69. Send Juke Box Bank prepaid.



**WE PRINTED THIS  
PAGE IN MAY of 1943**

**the BIG 3**

THE COMIC MAGAZINES THAT  
DARED TO BE DIFFERENT  
SWEEPING THE COUNTRY!

**DAREDEVIL**  
DID IT FIRST!!

AND NOW SINCE THE LATEST  
WISE GUYS HAVE APPEARED HE  
IS EVEN MORE POPULAR THAN  
BEFORE! WATCH FOR SHIPPER  
IN A SLICK NEW LOOK!

NOW, WE WELCOME YOU  
TO ANOTHER DARING  
SMASH HIT OF OUR DAY...  
**"CRIME"**

DOES NOT PAY!!  
LIKE BOY, THIS FIRST BOOK  
OF ITS KIND WILL HAVE  
IMITATORS — AND LIKE  
DAREDEVIL, IT WILL EASILY  
OUTDISTANCE ALL RIVALS, FOR  
**CRIME DOES NOT PAY**  
HAS TAKEN ITS DEFINITE  
PLACE IN THE ANNALS OF  
MAGAZINE ENTERTAINMENT AS...  
**ONE OF THE  
BIG THREE!!**

**LET'S FACE IT!**

A CHAMPION IN  
ANY SPORT WILL  
HAVE IMITATORS  
GALORE! OTHERS  
WILL COPY HIS  
STYLE, BUT THEY  
WON'T BECOME  
CHAMPS! WHAT  
MAKES THE  
CHAMPION GREAT  
IS HIS NEW  
APPROACH AND  
FRESH STYLE, BUT  
MOST OF ALL, HIS  
ORIGINALITY!

**CRIME** AIN'T PAYIN'  
OFF LATELY  
COMICS

**CRIME**  
JUST CAN'T WIN  
COMICS

**CRIME** NEVER  
WINS!  
COMICS

**CRIME** DO NO  
PAY  
COMICS

**CRIME** DOESN'T  
PAY  
ENOUGH!  
COMICS

**WHAT  
A CRIME**  
COMICS

**CRIME**  
WON'T PAY  
COMICS

**TRUE  
BLUE  
CRIME**  
COMICS

of course,  
**CRIME** DOESN'T PAY  
COMICS

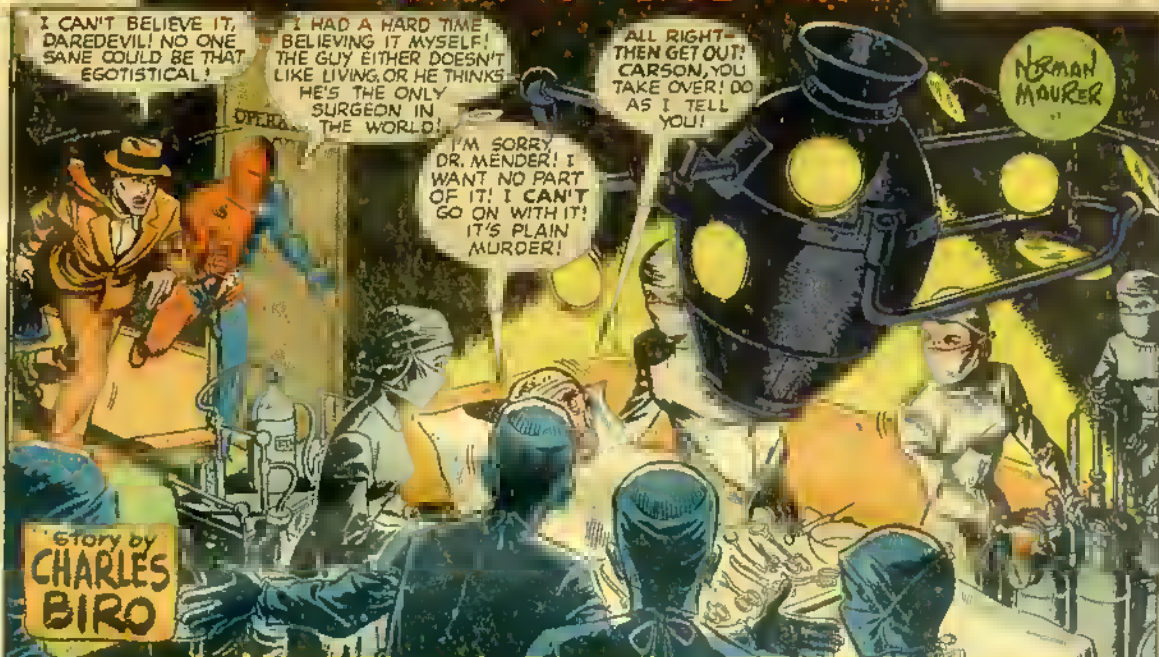
**CRIME** WILL  
NOT PAY  
COMICS

**CRIME** dares  
not pay!  
COMICS

**W**E'RE NOT KIDDING WHEN WE SAY, "C'MON, IMITATORS", AS LONG AS  
YOU STAY SECOND BEST, WHICH IS AS THINGS ARE, ACCORDING TO  
THE COUNTLESS THOUSANDS OF LETTERS WE'VE RECEIVED — WE  
REPEAT, PUHLEEZE, DON'T CONFUSE **CRIME DOES NOT PAY**  
WITH ANY OTHER MAGAZINE — ANYWAY, WE DON'T SEE HOW YOU COULD!

# DAREDEVIL

and the **LITTLE WISE GUYS**



I CAN'T BELIEVE IT, DAREDEVIL! NO ONE SAME COULD BE THAT EGOTISTICAL!

I HAD A HARD TIME BELIEVING IT MYSELF! THE GUY EITHER DOESN'T LIKE LIVING, OR HE THINKS HE'S THE ONLY SURGEON IN THE WORLD!

ALL RIGHT— THEN GET OUT! CARSON, YOU TAKE OVER! DO AS I TELL YOU!

NORMAN MAURER

I'M SORRY DR. MENDER! I WANT NO PART OF IT! I CAN'T GO ON WITH IT! IT'S PLAIN MURDER!

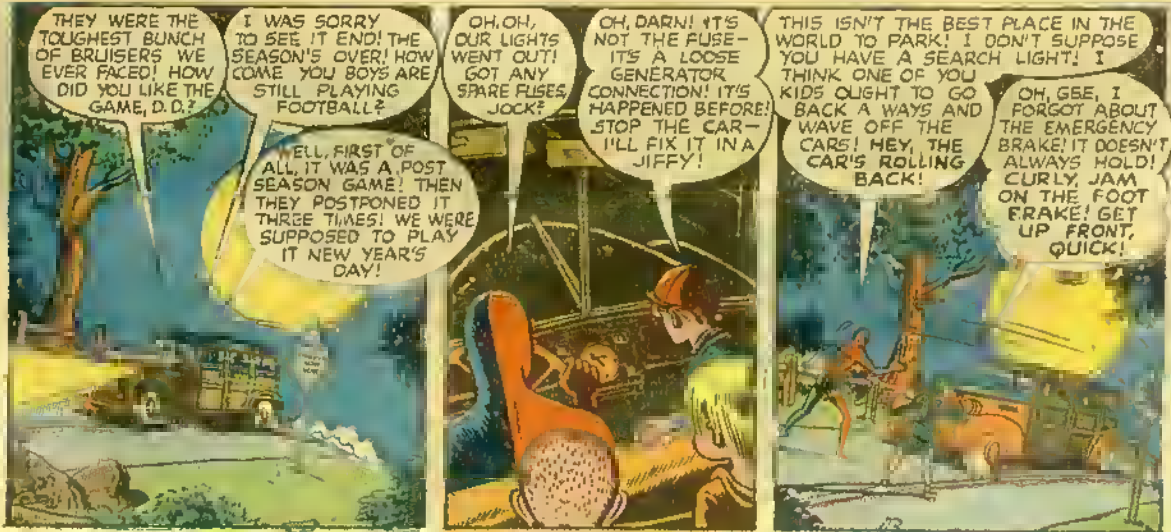
Story by  
**CHARLES BIRO**

**T**HIS IS A STORY ABOUT A MAN! THE FACT THAT HE HAPPENS TO BE A DOCTOR, IS A COINCIDENCE! HAD HE BEEN A MEMBER OF ANY OTHER FIELD OF WORK, THIS STORY PERHAPS MAY HAVE HAD A DIFFERENT BACKGROUND, BUT NEVERTHELESS WOULD HAVE OCCURRED—MAYBE WITH A DIFFERENT CAST IN A DIFFERENT LOCALE!

A MAN'S BRAIN IS A PHYSICAL ORGAN OF HIS ANATOMY! THEREFORE! IT IS CERTAINLY AS SUSCEPTIBLE TO AILMENT AS ANY OTHER ORGAN! THE TRAGEDY WHEN THAT OCCURS, IS ESPECIALLY PITIFUL WHEN THE AILMENT IS BEYOND PSYCHIATRIC CURE! UNLIKE MOST ILLNESSES, IT IS NOT VISIBLE, SUCH AS A SWOLLEN JAW FROM A TOOTHACHE, OR A SKIN RASH! PEOPLE MAY UNKNOWNLY CONTINUE TO TRUST THE JUDGMENT OF THE UNHAPPY INDIVIDUAL, BECAUSE OF THE DEEP RESPECT THEY HOLD FOR HIS EARLIER PERFORMANCES!

THIS STORY IN NO WAY INTENDS TO EXPRESS ANYTHING BUT THE HIGHEST ESTEEM FOR ONE OF MANKIND'S MOST GLORIOUS PROFESSIONS. NEITHER DOES IT INTEND FOR THE READER TO INFER THAT THE AGE OF THE INDIVIDUAL REFERRED TO IN THIS STORY WAS THE CAUSE OF HIS INEFFICIENCY! THIS IS AN ISOLATED INSTANCE AND VERY RARE! I HAVE NEVER EXPERIENCED KNOWING ANOTHER CASE LIKE IT, AND I HOPE I NEVER WILL!

*Charles Biro*



THEY WERE THE TOUGHEST BUNCH OF BRUISERS WE EVER FACED! HOW DID YOU LIKE THE GAME, D.D.?

I WAS SORRY TO SEE IT END! THE SEASON'S OVER! HOW COME YOU BOYS ARE STILL PLAYING FOOTBALL?

OH, OH, OUR LIGHTS WENT OUT! GOT ANY SPARE FUSES, JOCK?

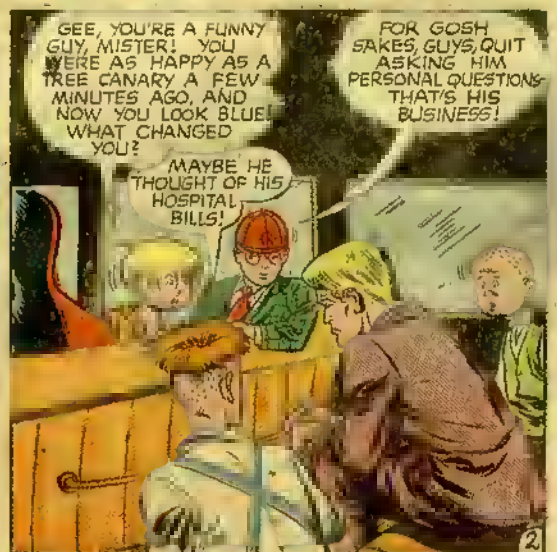
OH, DARN! IT'S NOT THE FUSE— IT'S A LOOSE GENERATOR CONNECTION! IT'S HAPPENED BEFORE! STOP THE CAR— I'LL FIX IT IN A JIFFY!

THIS ISN'T THE BEST PLACE IN THE WORLD TO PARK! I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU HAVE A SEARCH LIGHT! I THINK ONE OF YOU KIDS OUGHT TO GO BACK A WAY AND WAVE OFF THE CARS! HEY, THE CAR'S ROLLING BACK!

OH, GEE, I FORGOT ABOUT THE EMERGENCY BRAKE! IT DOESN'T ALWAYS HOLD! CURLY, JAM ON THE FOOT BRAKE! GET UP FRONT, QUICK!

WELL, FIRST OF ALL, IT WAS A POST SEASON GAME! THEN THEY POSTPONED IT THREE TIMES! WE WERE SUPPOSED TO PLAY IT NEW YEAR'S DAY!







I'M REALLY UP AGAINST IT! SURE, I'M HAPPY ABOUT MY WIFE, BUT I CAN'T ESCAPE FROM A BIGGER PROBLEM—THE CAUSE OF HER NEAR-DEATH! I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT! SOMETHING HAS GOT TO BE DONE TO PROTECT OTHERS BUT WHY SHOULD I BOTHER MYSELF WITH MY PROBLEMS?



MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO TALK IT OUT! LOTS OF TIMES IT HELPS TO TALK OVER A PROBLEM!

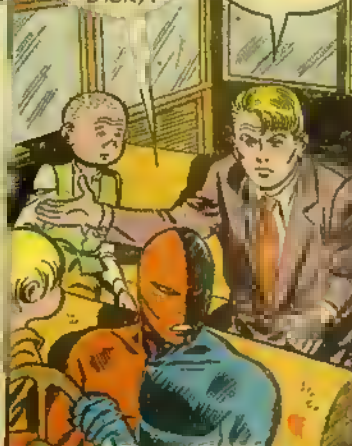
SURE, IT'S GOOD TO LET OFF STEAM WHEN YOU'RE BOTHERED! IT'LL DO YOU GOOD!

MAYBE IT WILL BUT IT WON'T MAKE SENSE UNLESS I START FROM THE VERY BEGINNING!



GO AHEAD! I THINK WE'D ALL LIKE TO HEAR THE WHOLE STORY!

THREE DAYS AGO, I CALLED MY WIFE FROM MY OFFICE!



HIYA, HONEY! HAPPY DAY BEFORE ANNIVERSARY! I WAS ABLE TO SNARE SPEC TICKETS FOR THE HIT MUSICAL, "ALL THE KING'S HORSES" TOMORROW NIGHT! LET'S DO IT UP BROWN THIS YEAR! I'LL CALL SHERMAN AT THE CLUB FOR LATER, OKAY?



OH, DON, DARLING, I'D LOVE IT, EXCEPT FOR ONE THING—I'VE BEEN FEELING ILL ALL DAY! I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT'S WRONG, BUT I FEEL AWFULLY STRANGE!



YOU DO? WE'LL GO TO A DOCTOR THE MINUTE I GET HOME! LIE DOWN AND TAKE IT EASY IN THE MEANTIME!



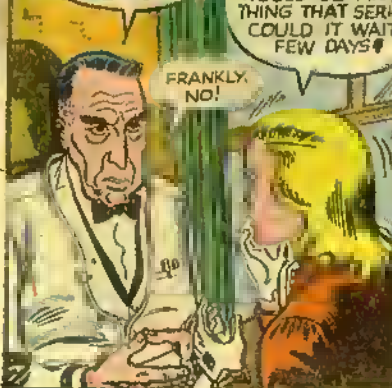
"BECAUSE WE WERE NEW IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, I TOOK HER TO A LOCAL DOCTOR! I HAD PASSED HIS SHINGLE A FEW TIMES ON MY WAY HOME FROM WORK!"



WELL DR. MENDER WHAT'S THE VERDICT?

HMM..WELL I DON'T WANT TO UPSET YOU BUT...

...I'VE FINISHED MY DIAGNOSIS! IT WASN'T HARD TO FIND THE TROUBLE! YOU HAVE A SERIOUS LIVER CONDITION! IT'S URGENT THAT WE OPERATE AT ONCE!



FRANKLY, NO!

AN OPERATION! GOODNESS, I DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD BE ANYTHING THAT SERIOUS! COULD IT WAIT A FEW DAYS?

MR. CHAPMAN, I DON'T MEAN TO ALARM YOU, BUT YOUR WIFE MUST BE OPERATED ON AT ONCE! IN CASES LIKE HERS, IMMEDIATE CARE IS THE ONLY REMEDY!



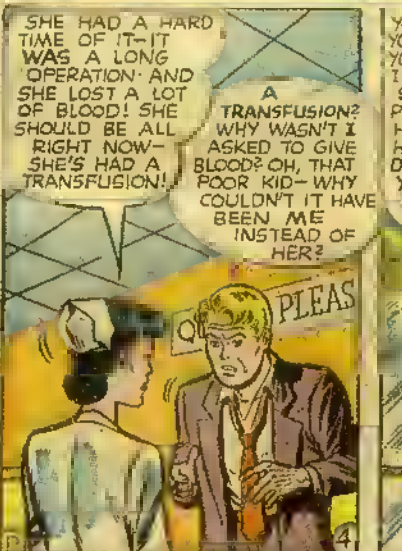
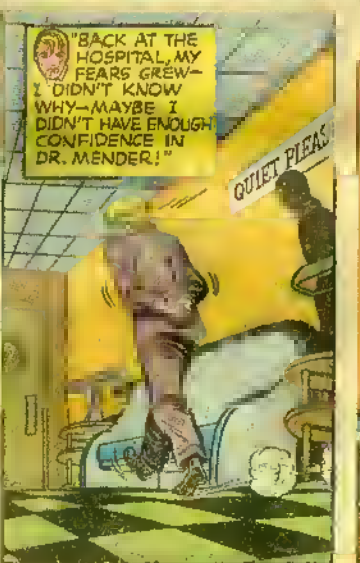
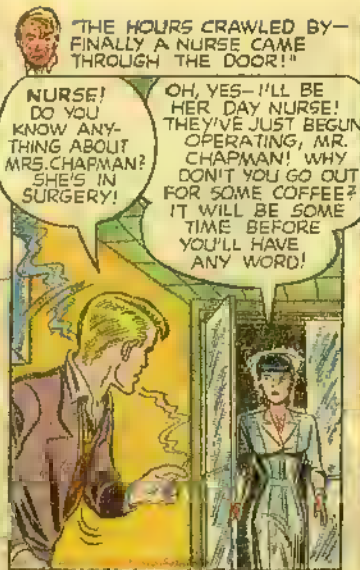
AN OPERATION? ARE YOU SURE, DOCTOR?

INDEED I AM! FORTUNATELY FOR YOU, I HAVE A SMALL, PRIVATE HOSPITAL IN TOWN, SO I CAN GET HER IN AT ONCE! BRING HER DOWN FIRST THING IN THE MORNING! I'LL OPERATE AFTERNOON!



I GUESS YOU KNOW BEST, DOCTOR! GOSH, THIS IS AWFUL! IT'S SO SUDDEN AND TOMORROW IS OUR SECOND ANNIVERSARY! THE POOR KID!



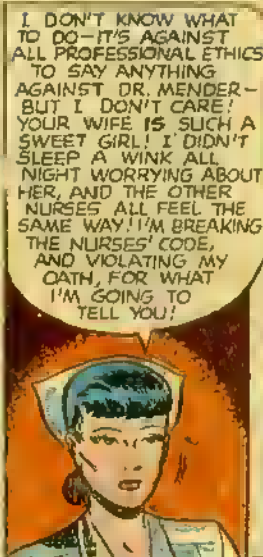






HE'S THE  
HEAD SURGEON  
HERE—HE'S  
BEEN PRACTICING  
FOR A LONG  
TIME!

MY WIFE MEANS  
EVERYTHING TO ME—  
I MUST KNOW THE  
TRUTH! SOMETHING  
TELLS ME YOU'RE  
HOLDING BACK—IN  
HEAVEN'S NAME, TELL  
ME—WHAT IS IT?  
WHAT'S THE MATTER  
WITH MENDER?



I DON'T KNOW WHAT  
TO DO—IT'S AGAINST  
ALL PROFESSIONAL ETHICS  
TO SAY ANYTHING  
AGAINST DR. MENDER—  
BUT I DON'T CARE!  
YOUR WIFE IS SUCH A  
SWEET GIRL! I DIDN'T  
SLEEP A WINK ALL  
NIGHT WORRYING ABOUT  
HER, AND THE OTHER  
NURSES ALL FEEL THE  
SAME WAY! I'M BREAKING  
THE NURSES' CODE,  
AND VIOLATING MY  
OATH, FOR WHAT  
I'M GOING TO  
TELL YOU!



DR. MENDER STUDIED MEDICINE  
FORTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, AND  
HE'S FORTY-FIVE YEARS  
BEHIND THE TIMES! HE  
HASN'T TAKEN A SINGLE  
BRUSH-UP COURSE SINCE!  
IF HE DIDN'T OWN THIS  
HOSPITAL, I DOUBT IF HE'D  
BE ALLOWED TO OPERATE  
AT ALL—CERTAINLY NOT  
IN ANY REPUTABLE  
INSTITUTION!

GOOD  
HEAVENS—  
IF THAT'S  
TRUE, WHY DIDN'T  
YOU TELL ME  
BEFORE?



I JUST TOLD YOU WHY!  
I'M SORRY, BUT IT'S TRUE!  
THE WORST OF IT IS THAT HE'D  
RATHER OPERATE THAN EAT!  
THE GIRLS CALL HIM THE  
"BUTCHER"! MANY TIMES HE'S  
ORDERED OPERATIONS  
WHEN THEY WERE  
WHOLLY UNNECESSARY!

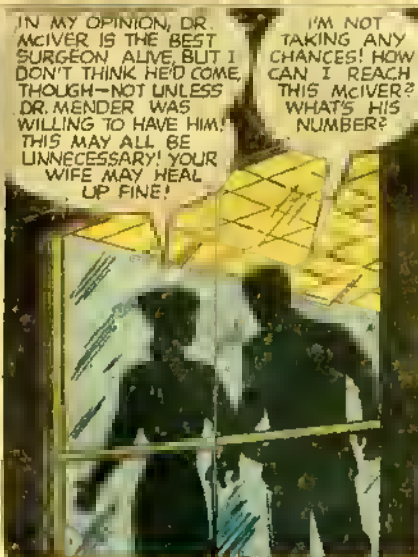
WHAT  
ABOUT  
MY WIFE?  
WHAT SHOULD  
I DO?



THE OPERATION IS  
OVER, SO I'M AFRAID  
THERE ISN'T MUCH YOU  
CAN DO, EXCEPT HOPE  
AND PRAY THAT EVERY-  
THING WENT ALL RIGHT!  
IT WASN'T A COMPLEX  
OPERATION!

I'LL CALL IN ANOTHER  
DOCTOR—HOW ABOUT  
THAT—JUST IN CASE  
SOMETHING DEVELOPS!  
WHO IS THE BEST  
DOCTOR IN  
TOWN?

QUIET PLEASE



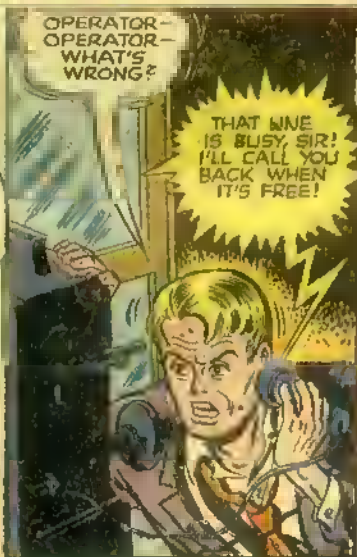
IN MY OPINION, DR.  
MCIVER IS THE BEST  
SURGEON ALIVE, BUT I  
DON'T THINK HE'D COME  
THOUGH—NOT UNLESS  
DR. MENDER WAS  
WILLING TO HAVE HIM!  
THIS MAY ALL BE  
UNNECESSARY! YOUR  
WIFE MAY HEAL  
UP FINE!

I'M NOT  
TAKING ANY  
CHANCES! HOW  
CAN I REACH  
THIS MCIVER?  
WHAT'S HIS  
NUMBER?



HE'S LISTED IN THE PHONE  
BOOK! I WOULDN'T CALL  
FROM HERE, THOUGH! DR.  
MENDER MIGHT FIND  
OUT—AND PLEASE DON'T  
TELL ANYONE WHAT I  
TOLD YOU—I MAY  
BE BARRED FROM  
NURSING FOREVER,  
IF YOU DO!

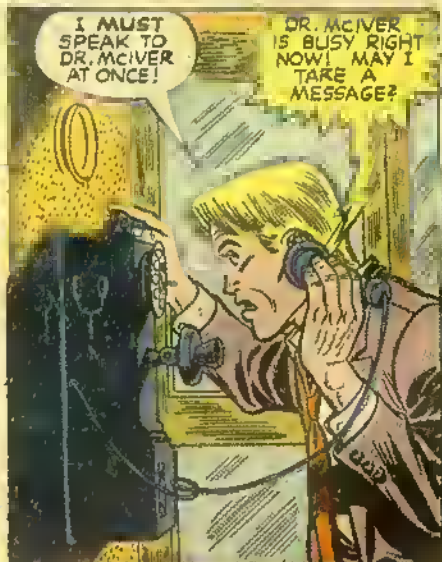
WHY  
WOULD I DO  
THAT? YOU'RE  
THE BRAVEST  
PERSON I EVER  
MET—THANKS,  
THANKS!



OPERATOR—  
OPERATOR—  
WHAT'S  
WRONG?

THAT LINE  
IS BUSY, SIR!  
I'LL CALL YOU  
BACK WHEN  
IT'S FREE!





I MUST SPEAK TO DR. MCIVER AT ONCE!

DR. MCIVER IS BUSY RIGHT NOW! MAY I TAKE A MESSAGE?



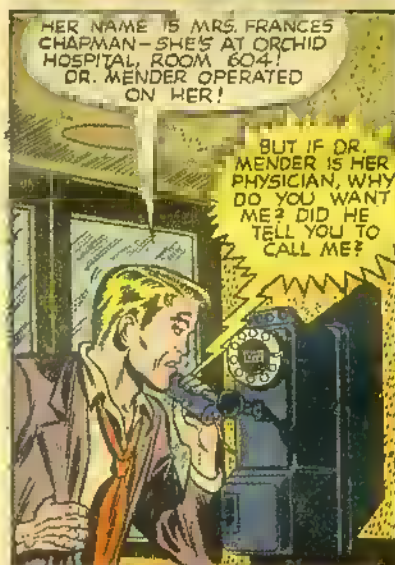
NO! I MUST SPEAK TO HIM PERSONALLY! THIS IS URGENT! IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH! PLEASE!

HOLD THE LINE—AND I'LL CONNECT YOU THE MINUTE HE'S FREE!



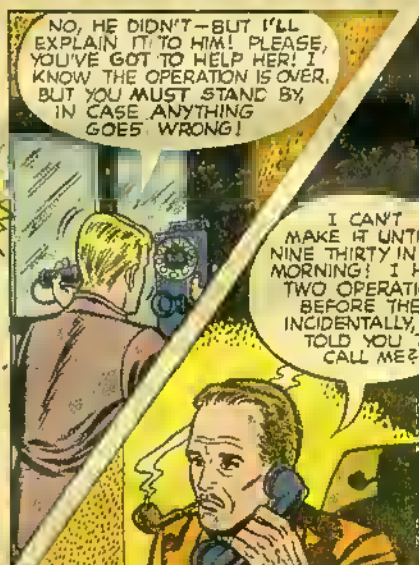
DR. MCIVER, YOU MUST HELP ME! MY WIFE HAS JUST HAD AN OPERATION AND THINGS DON'T SEEM TO BE RIGHT! SHE... SHE MAY NOT LIVE... UNLESS YOU CAN COME AND SEE HER!

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT? WHERE IS SHE? WHAT KIND OF AN OPERATION?



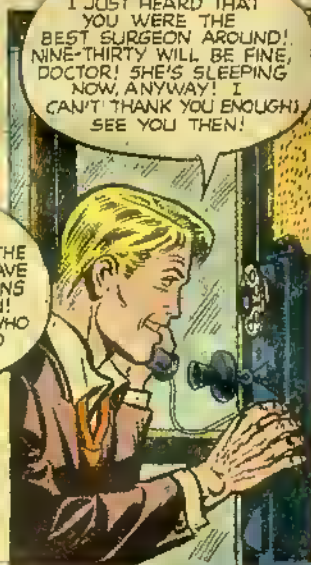
HER NAME IS MRS. FRANCES CHAPMAN—SHE'S AT ORCHID HOSPITAL, ROOM 604! DR. MENDER OPERATED ON HER!

BUT IF DR. MENDER IS HER PHYSICIAN, WHY DO YOU WANT ME? DID HE TELL YOU TO CALL ME?



NO, HE DIDN'T—BUT I'LL EXPLAIN IT TO HIM! PLEASE, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP HER! I KNOW THE OPERATION IS OVER, BUT YOU MUST STAND BY, IN CASE ANYTHING GOES WRONG!

I CAN'T MAKE IT UNTIL NINE THIRTY IN THE MORNING! I HAVE TWO OPERATIONS BEFORE THEN! INCIDENTALLY, WHO TOLD YOU TO CALL ME?

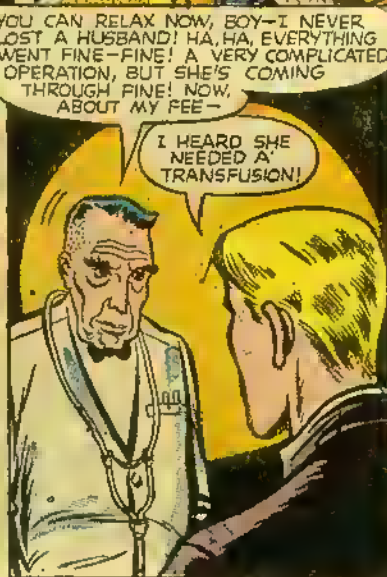


I JUST HEARD THAT YOU WERE THE BEST SURGEON AROUND! NINE-THIRTY WILL BE FINE, DOCTOR! SHE'S SLEEPING NOW, ANYWAY! I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH! SEE YOU THEN!



AH, THERE YOU ARE—JUST THE MAN I'M LOOKING FOR!

HOW IS SHE, NOW? TELL ME, DOCTOR, HOW IS SHE?



YOU CAN RELAX NOW, BOY—I NEVER LOST A HUSBAND! HA, HA, EVERYTHING WENT FINE—FINE! A VERY COMPLICATED OPERATION, BUT SHE'S COMING THROUGH FINE! NOW, ABOUT MY FEE—

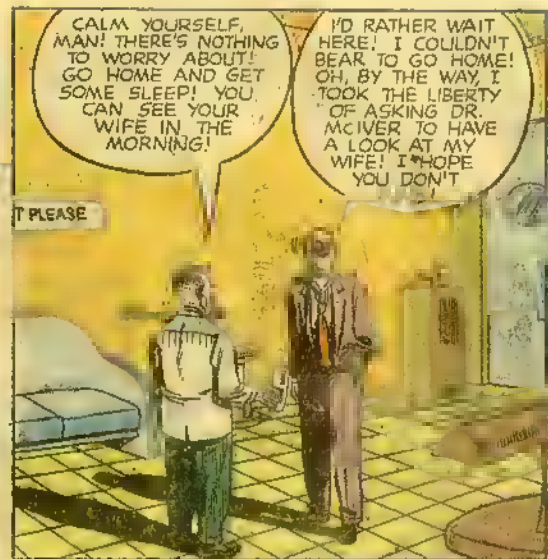
I HEARD SHE NEEDED A TRANSFUSION!



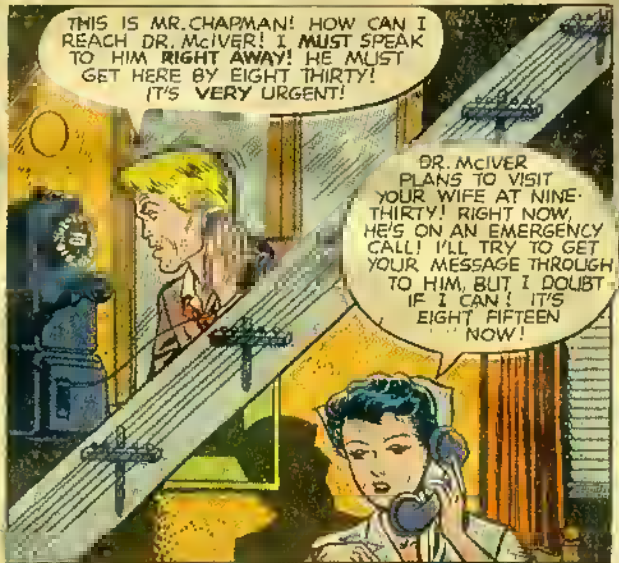
WHO TOLD YOU THAT? TRANSFUSIONS ARE NOTHING! THEY'RE QUITE USUAL IN SURGERIES! SHE WAS ON THE OPERATING TABLE FOR QUITE A WHILE! NOW ABOUT MY FEE—THAT WILL BE \$350!

SURE, SURE, DOC! I'LL SEND YOU A CHECK! RIGHT NOW, ALL I CAN THINK ABOUT IS FRAN!











HEY, ISN'T THIS MRS. CHAPMAN? HOW IS SHE?

DREADFULLY WEAK! DR. MENDER HAS ORDERED HER UP TO SURGERY AGAIN! POOR KID, SHE'S UNCONSCIOUS FROM PAIN! MENDER DOESN'T BELIEVE IN POST OPERATIVE SEDATIVES!

OPERATING ROOM



DID I SAY ANYTHING ABOUT A LOCAL ANESTHETIC! PUT THAT DOWN, YOU FOOL! SHE GETS ETHER!

ETHER? BUT DR. MENDER, THE PATIENT HAS A SEVERE RESPIRATORY INFECTION!

YOU HEARD ME- ETHER- AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!



IT'S NINE O'CLOCK! WHERE IS HE? MAYBE HIS NURSE DIDN'T REACH HIM! RIGHT NOW, MENDER MAY BE CUTTING HER OPEN AGAIN!



YOU'RE CHAPMAN, AREN'T YOU? YOU MUST BE, FROM THE LOOKS OF YOU! I'M DR. McIVER-I GOT YOUR MESSAGE TO COME EARLIER! FORTUNATELY, I COULD MAKE IT! NOW WHERE'S HER NURSE? I WANT TO TALK TO DR. MENDER, TOO!



HE'S ORDERED HER UP FOR ANOTHER OPERATION! HE WOULDN'T WAIT TILL YOU CAME! FOR THE LOVE OF MERCY-GET UP THERE! STEP ON IT!

I REALLY HAVE NO RIGHT TO BUTT IN, BUT I'M CURIOUS ABOUT MENDER'S RUMORED TECHNIQUE! I'LL CHANCE IT!



SHE'S READY NOW DOCTOR!



LARGE SCALPEL PLEASE!

YOU DON'T MIND IF I LOOK IN ON THIS, DR. MENDER? THE PATIENT'S HUSBAND ASKED ME TO ASSIST YOU!

OH, IT'S YOU, McIVER! I THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T COMING BEFORE NINE THIRTY-I COULDN'T WAIT THAT LONG!



I WAS ABLE TO GET HERE EARLIER, AND MAYBE IT'S LUCKY THAT I DID! SURELY, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO CONTINUE WITH THAT ANESTHESIA-NOT WITH THE PATIENT IN THAT CONDITION! PUT OFF THAT ETHER!

JUST A MINUTE, McIVER-I'M THE DOCTOR-I'M IN CHARGE! THIS IS MY HOSPITAL! I'LL OPERATE AS I PLEASE! I'M USING ETHER, BECAUSE I'M CUTTING OUT THE INFECTED AREA-I'LL TOLERATE NO INTERFERENCE!







WHAT YOU INTEND TO DO CAN ONLY RESULT IN DEATH! DOCTORS ARE MEANT TO SAVE LIVES—NOT TAKE THEM! YOUR REPUTATION HAS NEVER BEEN GOOD, BUT UNTIL NOW, I NEVER REALIZED HOW HOPELESSLY INEPT YOU REALLY



NO WONDER MOST OF YOU PATIENTS EITHER DIE OR BECOME HOPELESS INVALIDS! THIS IS ONE PATIENT THAT WON'T MEET THAT FATE—SHE IS FAR TOO YOUNG A GIRL! NOW, STEP ASIDE, PLEASE—YOU'RE BLOCKING THE LIGHT! WHAT'S HER SYSTOLIC PRESSURE?

OF ALL THE GALL! INTERNS—THROW HIM OUT!!



ALL RIGHT—THROW ME OUT—BUT IF THE GIRL DIES, I'LL NOT ONLY REPORT YOU TO THE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, BUT I'LL ALSO BRING CRIMINAL CHARGES AGAINST YOU! NOW, INTERN, FETCH ME A BOX TO STAND ON—THIS TABLE IS TOO HIGH!

Y...YESSIR!



NO MORE ANESTHETIC—THIS WILL LAST—JUST STAND BY! NURSE, BRING ME SULPHA—LOTS OF IT!

S...SULPHA? WE...AH...DR. MENDER DOESN'T BELIEVE IN IT! WE DON'T HAVE ANY!



WHAT—NO SULPHA? WHAT KIND OF A DOCTOR ARE YOU? NURSE—FETCH ME MY BAG! YOU'LL FIND SOME IN THERE! LET'S HAVE A LITTLE MORE LIGHT!

SULPHA—BAH! NEW FANGELED NONSENSE!



POOR GIRL—NO WONDER THERE'S INFECTION! I NEVER SAW SUCH A BOTCHY JOB! NO—I'M NOT CUTTING OUT THE AREA, INTERNS! THERE'S NO NEED TO GO IN DEEP—JUST LET ME HAVE A SMALL FORCEPS!



HE SURE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING!

IT'S AMAZING—HE'S VIRTUALLY ERASING DR. MENDER'S CLUMSY WORK BY MANIPULATING THE TISSUES!

HE HASN'T OVERLOOKED A SINGLE THING! HE DOES EVERYTHING WITH SUCH EASE!



THERE! THAT'LL HEAL CLEAN! NOW TAKE HER DOWN TO HER ROOM—GIVE PENICILLIN EVERY THREE HOURS AND INFUSION! I'LL GIVE FURTHER ORDERS LATER!

YOU HAVEN'T HEARD OF THIS, MCIVER! I'LL HAVE YOU THROWN OUT OF THE ASSOCIATION!



HOW IS SHE, DR MCIVER—TELL ME!

SHE'S GOING TO BE AS SOUND AS A DOLLAR! YOU CAN'T SEE HER TILL TONIGHT, BUT TAKE MY WORD FOR IT—YOUR WIFE IS SAFE!



OH, DOCTOR—  
THANK YOU,  
THANK YOU,  
THANK YOU!!

HEY—PUT ME  
DOWN, YOU  
IMPETUOUS IDIOT!  
SAVE YOUR  
AFFECTIONS FOR  
YOUR WIFE! I  
JUST DID MY  
JOB—THAT'S  
ALL!



PLEASE NAME  
YOUR FEE! WHATEVER  
IT IS, I'LL DOUBLE  
IT—I'D GO INTO  
HOCK FOR YOU!  
WHAT DO I  
OWE YOU?

OH, STOP WORRYING  
ABOUT THAT NOW!  
I'LL SEND YOU A  
BILL, BUT IT WON'T  
BE TOO HIGH.  
THERE'S NO RUSH  
ABOUT PAYING IT,  
ANYHOW!



YOUR WORRIES ARE OVER, MR.  
CHAPMAN—SHE'S GOING TO BE  
FINE! YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN  
DR. MCIVER. WORK-THAT MAN'S  
AN ANGEL! HE'S A GOOD  
THING IN A SMALL PACKAGE!  
YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN  
HIS FINGERS MOVE  
LIKE LIGHTNING!



HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO EVER  
DARED TO TELL MENDER OFF! BOY,  
WAS HE WILD, BUT HE DIDN'T  
DARE INTERFERE! OH, OH, HERE  
HE COMES NOW! I MUSTN'T  
LET HIM CATCH ME TALKING  
TO YOU! COME BACK  
TONIGHT, AND YOU  
CAN SEE YOUR WIFE!



I'VE GOOD NEWS FOR  
YOU, MY BOY! YOUR  
WIFE'S IN FINE SHAPE!  
YESSIR, WE DID A GOOD  
JOB ON HER. MCIVER  
AND MYSELF! I DIDN'T REALLY  
NEED MCIVER, BUT I  
LET HIM HAVE A HAND  
IN IT—JUST TO PLEASE  
YOU! SEE, I TOLD  
YOU NO MORE  
TO WORRY ABOUT!

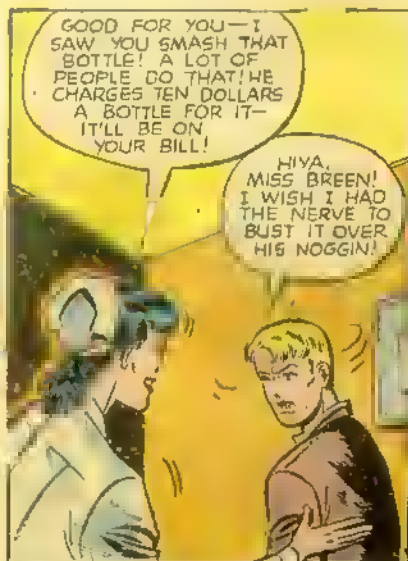


AND WHILE I THINK OF IT, LET  
ME GIVE YOU SOME OF THIS SPECIAL  
BLOOD TONIC TO GIVE YOUR  
WIFE WHILE SHE'S CONVALESCING—  
I MAKE IT MYSELF—WONDERFUL  
STUFF—ONE TABLESPOON FULL  
BEFORE EACH MEAL! RUN  
ALONG NOW—I'LL KEEP AN  
EYE ON HER! YOU CAN  
SEE YOUR WIFE  
TONIGHT, AT EIGHT!



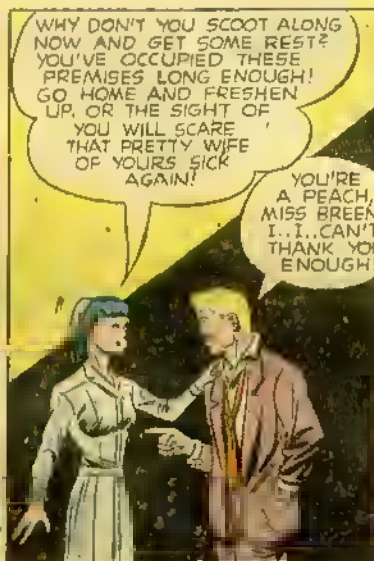
THE OLD HUMBUG—  
DARING TO TAKE  
CREDIT FOR MCIVER'S  
WORK! IF HE MADE  
IT, I'D SOONER DRINK  
POISON THAN  
TOUCH THIS  
STUFF!





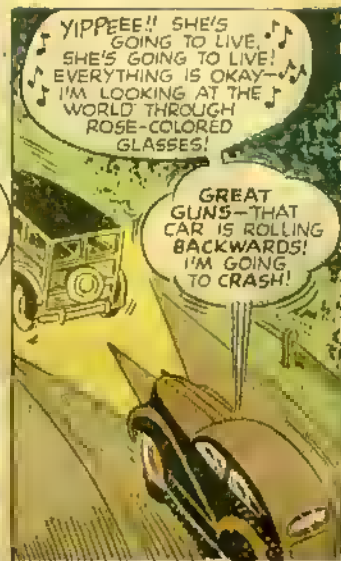
GOOD FOR YOU—I SAW YOU SMASH THAT BOTTLE! A LOT OF PEOPLE DO THAT! HE CHARGES TEN DOLLARS A BOTTLE FOR IT—IT'LL BE ON YOUR BILL!

HIYA, MISS BREEN! I WISH I HAD THE NERVE TO BUST IT OVER HIS NOGGIN!



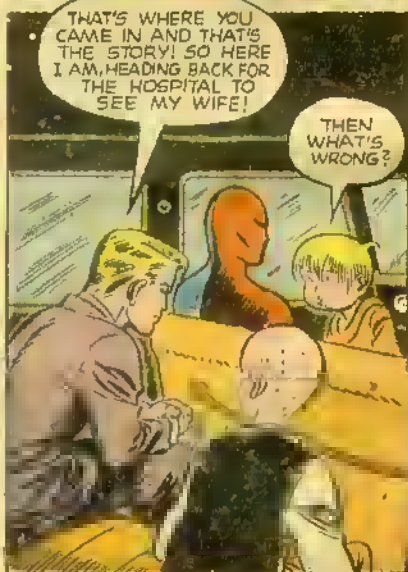
WHY DON'T YOU SCOOT ALONG NOW AND GET SOME REST? YOU'VE OCCUPIED THESE PREMISES LONG ENOUGH! GO HOME AND FRESHEN UP, OR THE SIGHT OF YOU WILL SCARE THAT PRETTY WIFE OF YOURS SICK AGAIN!

YOU'RE A PEACH, MISS BREEN! I...I...CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH!



YIPPEEE!! SHE'S GOING TO LIVE! SHE'S GOING TO LIVE! EVERYTHING IS OKAY—I'M LOOKING AT THE WORLD THROUGH ROSE-COLORED GLASSES!

GREAT GUNS—THAT CAR IS ROLLING BACKWARDS! I'M GOING TO CRASH!



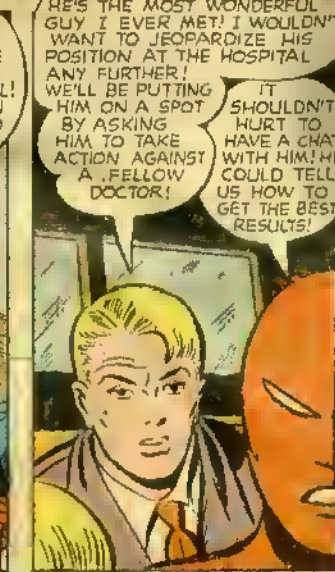
THAT'S WHERE YOU CAME IN AND THAT'S THE STORY! SO HERE I AM, HEADING BACK FOR THE HOSPITAL TO SEE MY WIFE!

THEN WHAT'S WRONG?



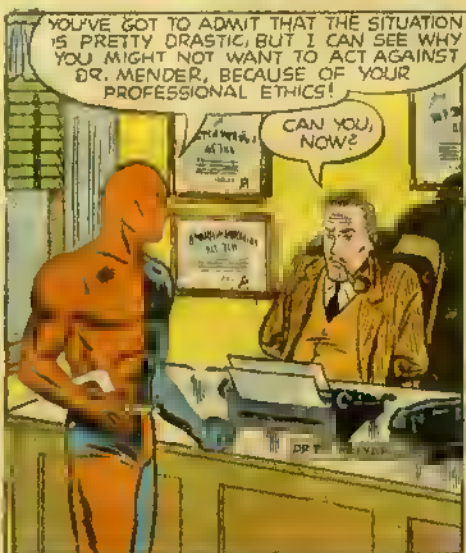
CAN'T YOU SEE? MENDER IS STILL PRACTICING—THAT'S WHAT BOTHERS ME! THOSE INNOCENT PEOPLE WHO WILL BE IN MY WIFE'S PLACE—MAYBE TOMORROW! HE'S GOT TO BE STOPPED!

I SUGGEST STOPPING AT McIVER'S HOME BEFORE WE GO TO THE HOSPITAL! HE'S THE MAN WHO CAN DO SOMETHING!



HE'S THE MOST WONDERFUL GUY I EVER MET! I WOULDN'T WANT TO JEOPARDIZE HIS POSITION AT THE HOSPITAL ANY FURTHER! WE'LL BE PUTTING HIM ON A SPOT BY ASKING HIM TO TAKE ACTION AGAINST A FELLOW DOCTOR!

IT SHOULDN'T HURT TO HAVE A CHAT WITH HIM! HE COULD TELL US HOW TO GET THE BEST RESULTS!

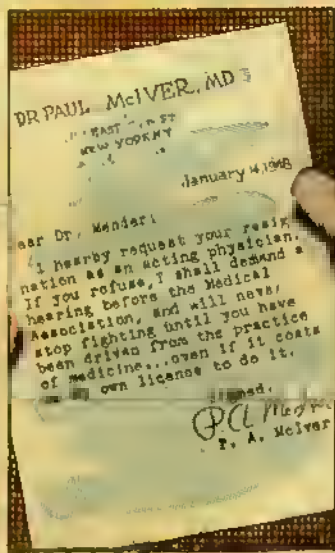


YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIT THAT THE SITUATION IS PRETTY DRASTIC, BUT I CAN SEE WHY YOU MIGHT NOT WANT TO ACT AGAINST DR. MENDER, BECAUSE OF YOUR PROFESSIONAL ETHICS!

CAN YOU, NOW?



DO YOU THINK I'M SO WORRIED ABOUT ETHICS THAT I COULD OVERLOOK WHAT AMOUNTS TO LEGALIZED MURDER? YOU UNDERESTIMATE ME, DAREDEVIL! I VALUE HUMAN LIVES ABOVE ALL ELSE! HERE—TAKE A LOOK AT THIS—I JUST FINISHED WRITING IT BEFORE YOU CAME IN!

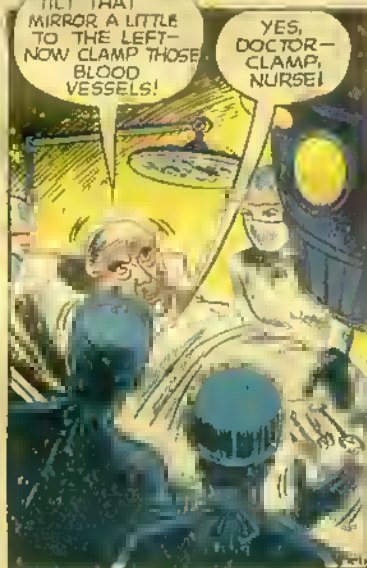
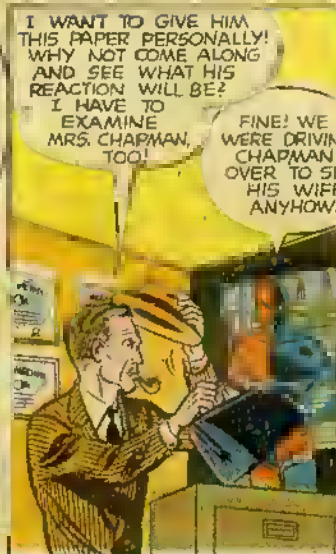


DR. PAUL McIVER, MD  
111 EAST 111 ST  
NEW YORK NY

January 4, 1968

Dear Dr. Mender:  
I hereby request your resignation as an acting physician. If you refuse, I shall demand a hearing before the Medical Association, and will never stop fighting until you have been driven from the practice of medicine...even if it costs my own license to do it.

P. A. McIver







DO AS I SAY!  
I DEMAND THAT  
YOU FOLLOW MY  
INSTRUCTIONS!

AT LEAST  
LET ME EXTEND  
THE INCISION  
SOMEWHAT  
LATERALLY! THE  
CLAMP WON'T HOLD  
AND THERE'S THAT  
ARTERY! WE  
SHOULD GO  
UNDER THE  
INTESTINE!



NO! I KNOW  
WHAT I'M DOING!  
YOU'RE GOING TO  
DO IT **MY** WAY! AS  
SENIOR SURGEON,  
I'LL HAVE YOU BARRED  
FROM PRACTICE, IF  
YOU DISOBEY  
ME!

LISTEN TO ME,  
MENDER! FOR  
THE LOVE OF HEAVEN-  
LET ME TAKE OVER!  
YOU'LL KILL YOURSELF!  
WHAT YOU PLAN TO  
DO IS PLAIN  
SUICIDE! ALL THAT  
NEEDS TO BE DONE  
IS TO HAVE THAT  
ABSCESS OPENED  
AND A DRAIN  
PUT IN!



GET OUT  
OF HERE,  
MCIVER!  
GET OUT, OR  
I'LL HAVE  
YOU  
THROWN  
OUT!

IT'S HOPELESS  
TO ARGUE-HE  
WON'T LISTEN  
TO REASON! LET'S  
GET OUT OF HERE,  
DAREDEVIL!  
I CAN'T  
BEAR TO  
WATCH IT!



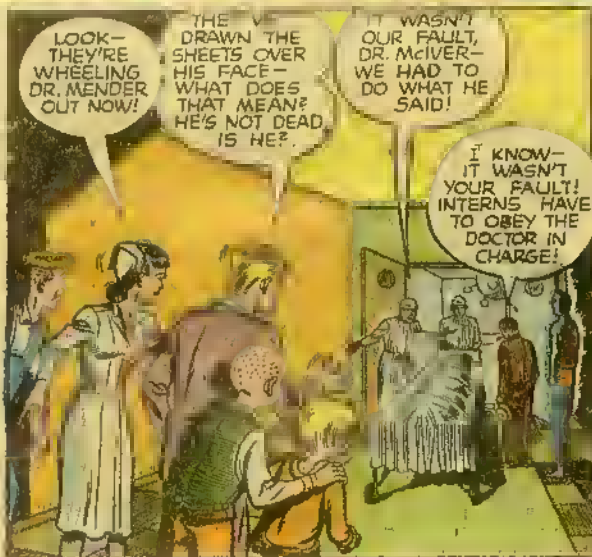
IF HE DOES WHAT HE  
INTENDS DOING AND LIVES,  
IT'LL BE A MIRACLE! THE  
STUPID, STUBBORN FOOL!  
HE'S FORTY YEARS BEHIND  
THE TIMES IN HIS HANDLING  
OF AN APPENDECTOMY!  
LET'S GO-I STILL WANT  
TO SEE MRS. CHAPMAN!



MR. CHAPMAN, YOU  
CAN SEE YOUR WIFE  
IN JUST A FEW  
MOMENTS-SHE'S  
FEELING EVER  
SO MUCH  
BETTER!

THANK  
HEAVEN! DR.  
MCIVER IS HERE  
TOO! HE WANTS  
TO EXAMINE  
HER!

WARDS



LOOK-  
THEY'RE  
WHEELING  
DR. MENDER  
OUT NOW!

THEY  
DRAWN THE  
SHEETS OVER  
HIS FACE-  
WHAT DOES  
THAT MEAN?  
HE'S NOT DEAD  
IS HE?

IT WASN'T  
OUR FAULT,  
DR. MCIVER-  
WE HAD TO  
DO WHAT HE  
SAID!

I KNOW-  
IT WASN'T  
YOUR FAULT!  
INTERNS HAVE  
TO OBEY THE  
DOCTOR IN  
CHARGE!



DO YOU  
SUPPOSE  
HE DID IT ON  
PURPOSE?  
HE MAY HAVE  
COMMITTED  
SUICIDE!

NO-ABSOLUTELY NOT!  
HE REALLY BELIEVED HE  
WAS DOING THE RIGHT  
THING-HE WAS A VAIN,  
SELF-CENTERED OLD FOOL!  
HE DIED BECAUSE OF HIS  
OWN FAULTY OPERATIVE  
TECHNIQUE-JUST AS  
SO MANY OF HIS  
UNLUCKY PATIENTS  
DID!



FRAN-  
FRAN-  
DARLING!

DON, OH, DON-  
IT'S SO GOOD  
TO BE ALIVE!  
ALL THAT'S  
HAPPENED SEEMS  
LIKE A NIGHTMARE!  
HOW LONG  
HAVE I BEEN  
HERE?



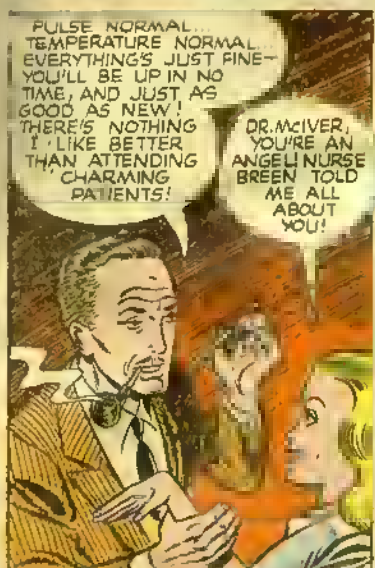
ONLY TWO DAYS,  
DARLING!

IS THAT  
ALL? IT SEEMED  
LIKE YEARS I...I  
WAS SO SCARED!  
I THOUGHT FOR  
A WHILE I WAS  
GOING TO  
DIE!



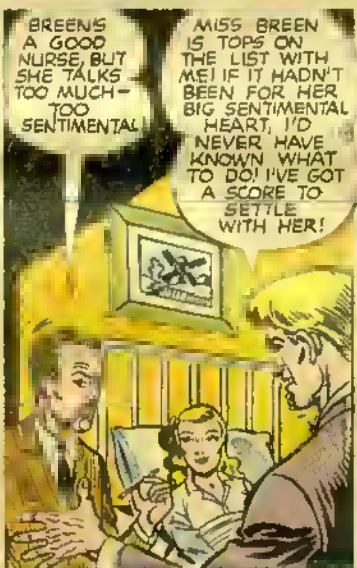
YOU CAN  
THANK DR.  
MCIVER FOR  
SAVING YOU! HIS  
COMING IN ON  
YOUR CASE WAS  
NOTHING SHORT  
OF A  
MIRACLE!

NOTHING OF  
THE SORT-IT  
WAS MODERN  
MEDICINE THAT  
SAVED YOU! THAT  
HUSBAND  
OF YOURS  
EXAGGERATES!



PULSE NORMAL.  
TEMPERATURE NORMAL.  
EVERYTHING'S JUST FINE-  
YOU'LL BE UP IN NO  
TIME, AND JUST AS  
GOOD AS NEW!  
THERE'S NOTHING  
I LIKE BETTER  
THAN ATTENDING  
CHARMING  
PATIENTS!

DR. MCIVER,  
YOU'RE AN  
ANGEL! NURSE  
BREEN TOLD  
ME ALL  
ABOUT YOU!



BREEN'S  
A GOOD  
NURSE, BUT  
SHE TALKS  
TOO MUCH-  
TOO  
SENTIMENTAL

MISS BREEN  
IS TOPS ON  
THE LIST WITH  
ME! IF IT HADN'T  
BEEN FOR HER  
BIG SENTIMENTAL  
HEART, I'D  
NEVER HAVE  
KNOWN WHAT  
TO DO! I'VE GOT  
A SCORE TO  
SETTLE  
WITH HER!



GOOD NIGHT, DARLING-  
SLEEP TIGHT AND GET  
WELL SOON! WE HAVE  
A BELATED WEDDING  
ANNIVERSARY THAT  
STILL CALLS FOR  
A DOUBLE  
CELEBRATION!

GOOD  
NIGHT, DON-  
BY THE WAY, DON'T  
FORGET TO FEED  
THE CAT REGULARLY  
AND REMEMBER  
TO CALL EVERYONE  
AND TELL THEM  
I'M BETTER!



MISS BREEN, DO  
YOU KNOW THAT  
YOU'RE AN ANGEL  
A HONEY, A SUPER  
GRAND PERSON?  
DO YOU KNOW  
WHAT TODAY  
IS?

TODAY?  
IT'S  
SATURDAY,  
JANUARY 10TH!  
WHY? IS IT  
A SPECIAL  
DAY?



IT SURE IS! AS FAR  
AS I'M CONCERNED FROM  
THIS YEAR ON, JANUARY  
10TH IS YOUR BIRTHDAY-  
AND EVERY JANUARY  
10TH FROM NOW ON  
YOU'RE GETTING A  
SPECIAL PRESENT  
FROM ME AND  
NOW, FOR A  
BIG BIRTHDAY  
KISS!

NO-  
EVERYONE'S  
WATCHING!  
ON SECOND  
THOUGHT, MAYBE  
YES-IT MIGHT  
MAKE DR. MCIVER  
JEALOUS, I  
HOPE!



GOLLY-  
LOOK!

YOU KNOW, THAT GIVES  
ME A GOOD IDEA! NURSE  
BREEN WOULD MAKE A  
FINE WIFE, BUT SHE  
WOULDN'T WANT A  
BUNT LIKE ME!

BOY,  
IS SHE  
BLUSHING!

MCIVER, YOU'RE  
BLIND! IN HER  
EYES, YOU'RE THE  
BIGGEST MAN  
IN THE WORLD!

The  
END



# WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED

Dear Reader:

In every issue of DAREDEVIL this page is devoted to your opinions, ideas and suggestions. Since the conception of DAREDEVIL, we have been guided by two ideals—first, the eradication of crime and, second, to give credit to the fearless detectives and officers of the law who daily risk their lives that you and we may live in a more lawful society.

CHARLES BIRO and BOB WOOD, Editors

My little boy has shown great interest in comic books, but I have to censor the pictures in most of the magazines. There is one book, though, that I never have to censor. When I return from the newsstand, I hand my boy the comic and say, "Here, Doug, is your monthly Daredevil." Thanks for every issue published.

Sincerely, Mrs. R. D. Simmons

21 Pickens St., Easley, South Carolina

*People should be shown, and children are no exception, some of the evils in life, so that they may appreciate the good.*

I have only read five Daredevil comics, but I think they are swell. Our group here in Tienstin, China, took vote for the most popular comic, and Daredevil had the honor of winning fifteen votes out of twenty. Boy and Crime Does Not Pay Comics took care of the remaining five votes.

Truly your fan, Nonna Matveief

2 Le Bookstore, 11 Pase Course Road,  
Tienstin, China

*Daredevil stands for good will toward all men around the world without regard to boundaries. Good sportsmanship and fair play are as honorable in China as they are in Brooklyn. Best wishes to your group.*

I was glancing through Daredevil, when I suddenly realized the comic was terrific! The "What's On Your Mind" page interested me very much and gave me the idea of pen-pal correspondence. I would like to write to 13, 14, or 15-year old girls, since I am so interested in America and Americans. Please be kind enough to print this, so that I may learn more about your great country.

Respectfully yours, David Wartenberg  
53 Chandos Road, Willesden Green,  
London, N. W. 2, England

*Your letter may be read by millions.*

At the present, I am the receptionist in the General Hospital in this town, and I have just finished reading some of your DAREDEVIL COMICS. I can't tell you how they arrived here, but I would like to express my thanks through you and tell you how much happiness they have brought to our patients.

Yours sincerely, Eileen Ward

104 Russell St., Loughborough, Leics., Eng.

*It appears to us that it is more than our comics that bring pleasure to your patients.*

In my estimation, DAREDEVIL and CRIME DOES NOT PAY comics are tops. I'm sure that if I had read your books before I got into trouble, I would not be in here now. Your magazines, more than anything else, have taught me that crime doesn't pay. Keep up the good work.

Sincerely, R. W., Maryland State Reformatory  
Breathesville, Md.

*A word to the wise is sufficient.*

I have read many American comics, but the best is DAREDEVIL. I like it because the plots seem so real. In Liverpool, American comics are liked very much, but the one we all go for is DAREDEVIL.

Yours truly, Peter Jukes

64 Clare Road, Bootle, Liverpool, England

*Your country has produced some wonderful motion pictures. If you tried your hand at comics, we'd be in for lots of competition.*

In No. 46 Daredevil, the Wise Guys built a swell tree house. Well, we followed their example and want to thank you for your wonderful idea. Boy! What a clubhouse! We also pledged ourselves to follow in the footsteps of the Wise Guys. We'll let you know if we succeed.

Speaking for our club, I thank you.

Donald Armstrong

9 Olive St., Revere, Mass.

*The Wise Guys are honored—take it from me.  
C. B.*

Please try to limit letters to about 50 words. All letters become the property of Lev Gleason Publications, Inc., and we reserve the right to edit same. Address all letters to DAREDEVIL COMICS, 114 East 32nd Street, New York 16, N. Y.

# ADVICE TO COMIC READERS FOR BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads  
And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles  
JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS



Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life — dates, romance, popularity, social and business success — only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours — take my word for it! — no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become in-

fect and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.



The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too — in fact, your money will be refunded

if it doesn't. Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 371, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it! — the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.





THESE 5 BOOKS...THE MOST EXCITING YOU EVER READ!

# BIG SHOT GANGSTERS

THEIR CRIMES, CAREERS  
AND DEATHS!

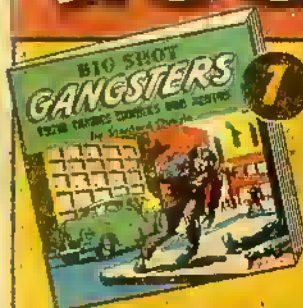


BRAND NEW!

Here are five new pocket sized books of a type never before offered the public. You'll love them all - if you can take it. Each Crime Book shows CRIME DOES NOT PAY - and is crammed with hidden secrets, helpful information, inside "dope".

They're tough - they'll hold you spellbound, your eyes will pop! They sure are thrilling - only 25¢ each - all five for one buck postpaid!

We can't tell you too much here - but you get the idea. Hurry - order all five today!



## 1 BIG SHOT GANGSTERS

by Stanford Quayle  
Lurid stories of the crimes, careers and deaths of the most notorious gangsters, bandits, murderers. Chicago - New York - Police Reporter.  
Only 25¢ postpaid



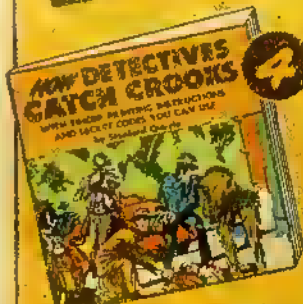
## 2 GREATEST PRISON BREAKS OF ALL TIME

by Michael Finn  
Nothing more exciting. Never before published. Tops for Crime Fans.  
Only 25¢ postpaid



## 3 10 MOST TERRIBLE CRIMES OF ALL TIME

by Stanford Quayle  
Crime Does Not Pay. Horrible deaths of world's worst crooks.  
Only 25¢ postpaid



## 4 HOW DETECTIVES CATCH CROOKS

by Stanford Quayle  
Secrets of methods used by federal agents, police detectives and private investigators to solve mysteries of crime. Included - "How to Become a Modern Detective."  
Only 25¢ postpaid



## 5 MYSTERIES OF MAGIC MIND READING AND HYNOTISM

by Prof. Hamilton Holt  
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# DAREDEVIL

and **LITTLE WISE GUYS**

AFTER HAVING READ THIS STORY FOR COPY, BOB WOOD SAID, "CHARLIE, I'VE BEEN READING YOUR STORIES FOR OVER TEN YEARS! HOW IS IT THAT IN ALL THAT TIME YOU'VE NEVER REPEATED YOURSELF? YOU KEEP GRINDING OUT THESE STORIES ONE AFTER ANOTHER—EVEN AN OIL WELL CAN BE DRAINED DRY!"

BOB'S GOT SOMETHING THERE! THERE IS A BOTTOM TO A WRITER'S WELL OF IMAGINATION! HE MAY HIT THAT DRY SPOT ALMOST ANY TIME, IF HE'S NOT CAREFUL! IF HE LOSES INTEREST IN OTHER PEOPLE'S PROBLEMS, HE'S A DEAD DUCK! HE THROWS IN THE SPONGE, IF A CHILD'S TEARS OVER HIS CRUSHED LOLLY-POP DON'T DRAW HIS SYMPATHY, AS LONG AS HE'S CAPABLE OF PROJECTING HIMSELF INTO ANOTHER PERSON'S PLACE, HE SHOULD NEVER BE WANTING OF STORY MATERIAL! IF HE'S ABLE TO DO THIS, HE'LL NEVER REPEAT HIMSELF! EVERY STORY HE WILL WRITE WILL BE AS FRESH AND ORIGINAL AS UNTRAMPLED SNOW, BECAUSE THERE ARE NO TWO PEOPLE IN THIS WORLD OF MILLIONS WHO ARE EXACTLY ALIKE, AND NEITHER ARE THE STORIES THAT EACH ONE INSPIRES.

THIS STORY MAKES NO VISIBLE DENT IN MY WELL, BECAUSE IT WAS INSPIRED BY THE LIFE OF A CERTAIN PARTY, WHO BELONGS TO THE BOTTOMLESS WELL OF HUMANITY!

*Charles Biro*

PLEASE, D.D., LET US GO IN WITH YOU, WILL YA, HUH?

WE WON'T DO ANYTHING TO SPOIL YOUR PLAN, HONEST!

NO SOAP, WISE GUYS! THIS IS MY PARTY, BUT LIKE I SAID IF I'M NOT OUT IN TEN MINUTES, COME IN AND GET ME!

story by  
**CHARLES BIRO**

PLAYING ROLLER HOCKEY IS MY IDEA OF A BUSY AFTER-NOON! IT SURE GIVES A GUY AN APPETITE!

SPEAKING OF EATIN' STUFF—HEY, SCARECROW, IT'S YOUR TURN TO COOK DINNER, ISN'T IT?

WHO, ME? AW, HAVE A HEART—YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED THE LAST TIME!

YEAH, EVERYTHING GOT BURNED! OWWWW!! HEY!! WATCH THAT STICK WILL YA?

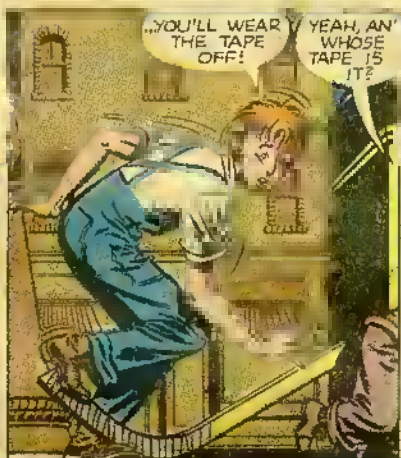
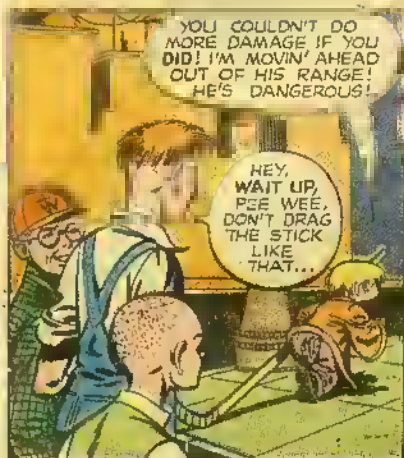
GEE, CURLY, I'M SORRY I...

OW!

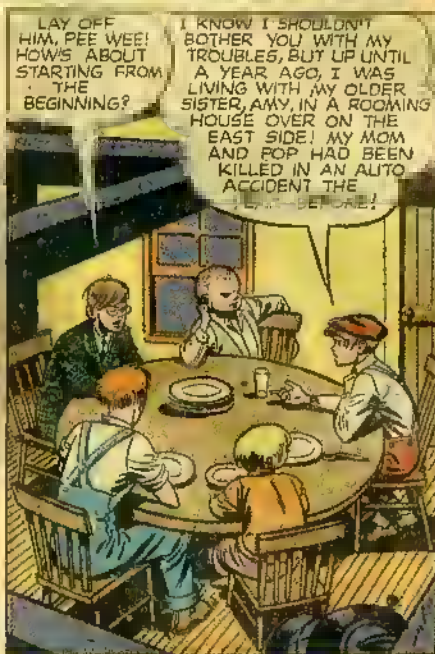
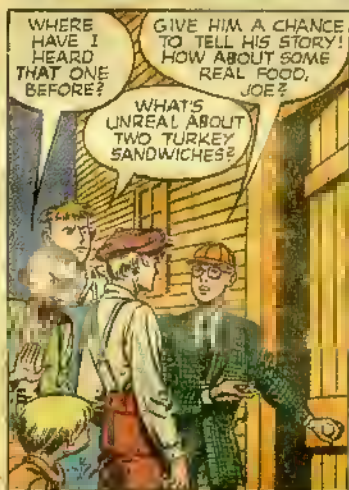
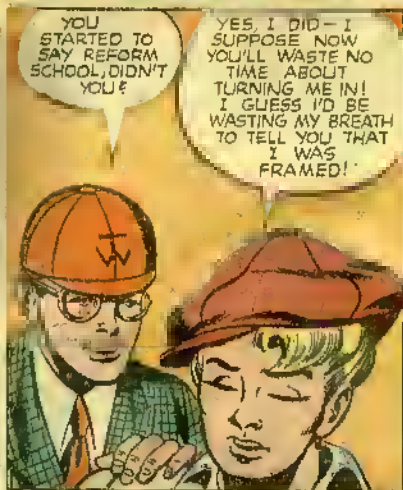
FOR PETE'S SAKE, SCARECROW, GIVE ME THAT HOCKEY STICK, BEFORE YOU SEND US ALL TO THE HOSPITAL!

I SUPPOSE I DID IT ON PURPOSE!













OF COURSE, THEY DIDN'T FIND ANYTHING ON HER! THEY SEARCHED ME AND FOUND TWO STOLEN COMPACTS! BEFORE I COULD OPEN MY MOUTH, SHE WAILED, "OH, JOEY, HOW COULD YOU? YOU STOLE THOSE!"



SHE DID? GOSH—WHAT A LOUSY TRICK TO PULL ON HER OWN BROTHER!

JEEPEERS! THEN WHAT HAPPENED?

WHY DIDN'T YOU DENY IT? YOUR WORD WAS AS AS GOOD AS HERS!

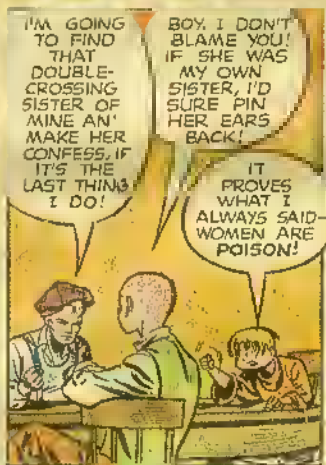


I TRIED, BUT WHEN THEY WENT TO OUR ROOMING HOUSE AND FOUND MORE THINGS, THEY BLAMED IT ALL ON ME! I KEPT SAYING I WAS INNOCENT, BUT THEY WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME, ESPECIALLY WITH HER FAKING BIG CROCODILE TEARS AND CRYIN', JOEY, WHY DID YOU DO IT?



THEN CAME REFORM SCHOOL! IT WAS BAD ENOUGH BEING THERE, BUT KNOWIN' YOU'RE INNOCENT MAKES IT A HUNDRED TIMES WORSE! I HAD TO BREAK OUT, OR I'D HAVE GONE OUT OF MY MIND!

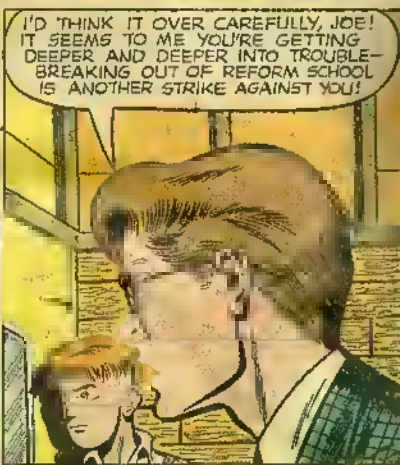
YOU'RE IN A TOUGH SPOT! WHAT'S YOUR PLAN, NOW?



I'M GOING TO FIND THAT DOUBLE-CROSSING SISTER OF MINE AN' MAKE HER CONFESS, IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

BOY, I DON'T BLAME YOU! IF SHE WAS MY OWN SISTER, I'D SURE PIN HER EARS BACK!

IT PROVES WHAT I ALWAYS SAID—WOMEN ARE POISON!



I'D THINK IT OVER CAREFULLY, JOE! IT SEEMS TO ME YOU'RE GETTING DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO TROUBLE—BREAKING OUT OF REFORM SCHOOL IS ANOTHER STRIKE AGAINST YOU!



MAYBE YOU'RE AFRAID I'LL GET YOU IN TROUBLE BY HIDING OUT HERE! YOU NEEDN'T WORRY—I'LL SHOVE ALONG!

DON'T BE CRAZY—IT'S LATE, AND YOU'VE NO PLACE TO GO! WE HAVE AN EXTRA BUNK—AND YOU'RE WELCOME TO IT!



THAT'S SWELL OF YOU, BUT I CAN'T PUT YOU OUT LIKE THIS! YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH FOR ME ALREADY!

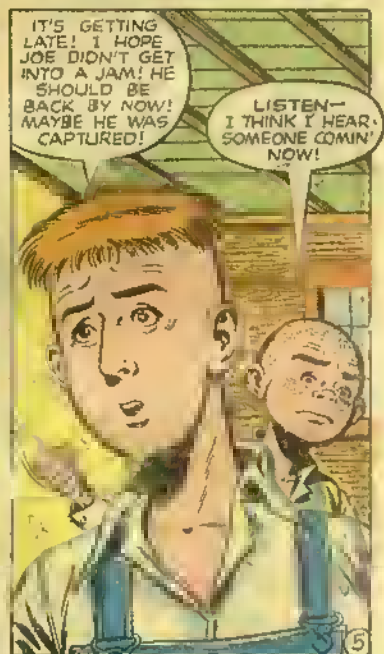
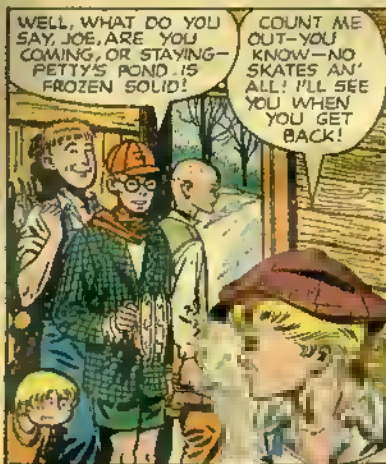
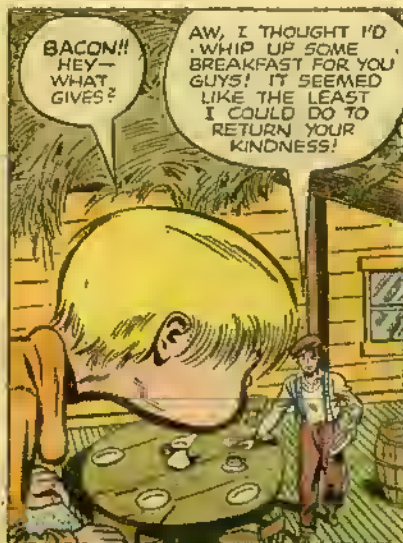
LISTEN TO HIM—DON'T BE COY, JOE! THERE'S THE BUNK—IT'S EMPTY, SO TAKE YOUR CLOTHES OFF AND FLOP—I THINK WE CAN ALL STAND SOME SLEEP!



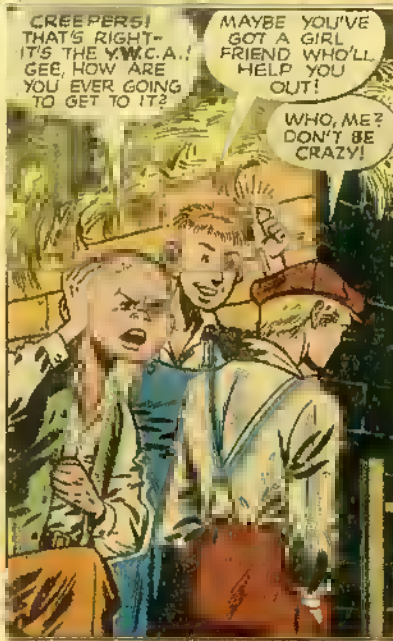
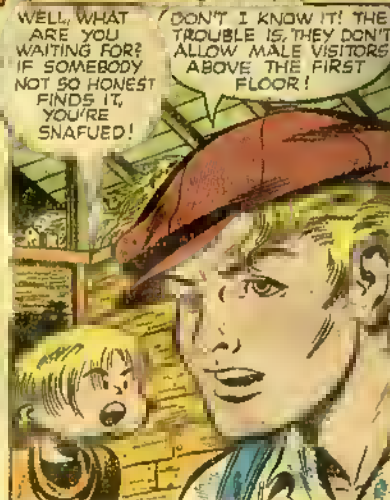
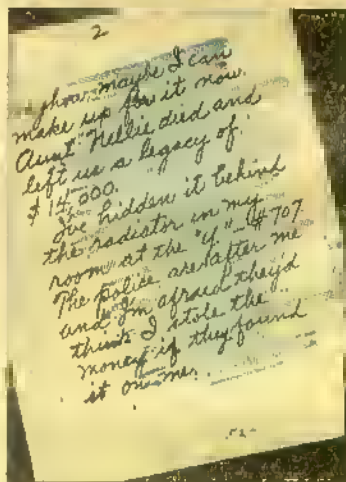
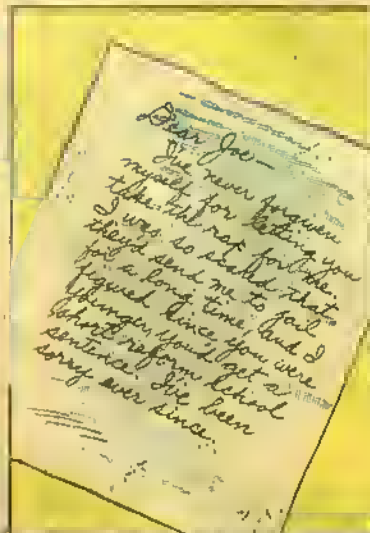
LOOK, FELLOWS, IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU, I'D RATHER SLEEP OUTSIDE IN THE SHED! HONEST, I WOULD! JUST LET ME BORROW THESE BLANKETS.

I THINK YOU'RE NUTS, BUT OKAY—IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT! YOU'D BE LOTS MORE COMFORTABLE IN THAT SPARE BED, THOUGH!











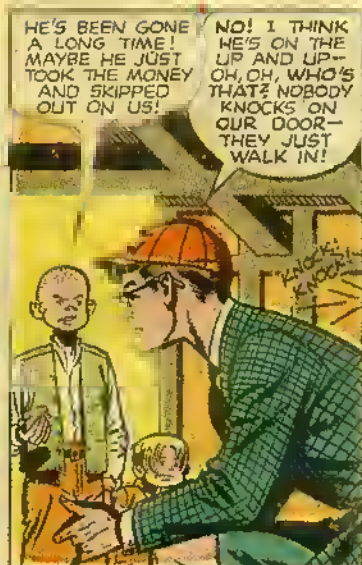


GEE, THOSE WISE GUYS ARE SWELL! HOW DO THEY KNOW I'M ON THE LEVEL? I COULD JUST AS EASY HAVE COOKED UP THAT STORY AND SCRAMMED OFF WITH THIS MONEY! I'LL GET EVERYTHING I'LL NEED IN THIS DEPARTMENT STORE.



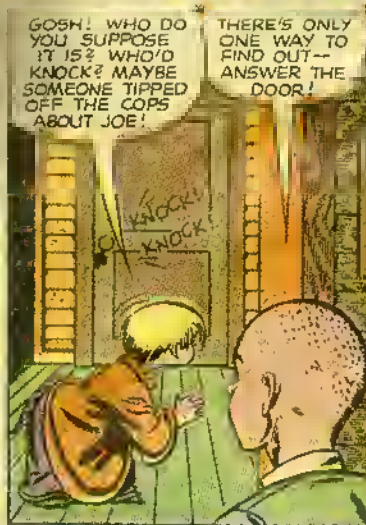
MAY I HELP YOU, YOUNG MAN?

YES, I'D LIKE TO BUY A DRESS FOR ...ER...MY SISTER! I THINK IT'S SIZE TWELVE!



HE'S BEEN GONE A LONG TIME! MAYBE HE JUST TOOK THE MONEY AND SKIPPED OUT ON US!

NO! I THINK HE'S ON THE UP AND UP— OH, OH, WHO'S THAT? NOBODY KNOCKS ON OUR DOOR— THEY JUST WALK IN!



GOSH! WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE IT IS? WHO'D KNOCK? MAYBE SOMEONE TIPPED OFF THE COPS ABOUT JOE!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT— ANSWER THE DOOR!



HELLOOOO! PEE WEE, YOU DARLING— I'VE MISSED YOU SO— COME, GIVE ME A BIG KISS!

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE, LADY! YOU'RE IN THE WRONG PEW! I DON'T KNOW YOU FROM ADAM— GOOD BYE!



WHY, PEE WEE, YOU PICKLE LITTLE HEARTBREAKER— HOW ABOUT THOSE SWEET NOthings YOU WHISPERED TO ME! HOW COULD YOU FORGET YOUR OWN LITTLE JOSEPHINE?

JOSEPH! HEY! FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD— IT'S JOE! HA, HA, HA!



WOW! NO KIDDIN'— IS IT REALLY YOU?

GULP! JOE! G...GOLLY— YOU'RE TERRIFIC— WOW!

FOR PETE'S SAKE! WHERE DID YOU CHANGE?

OUT IN THE SHED! I WANTED TO SURPRISE YOU!

YOU SURE DID! YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

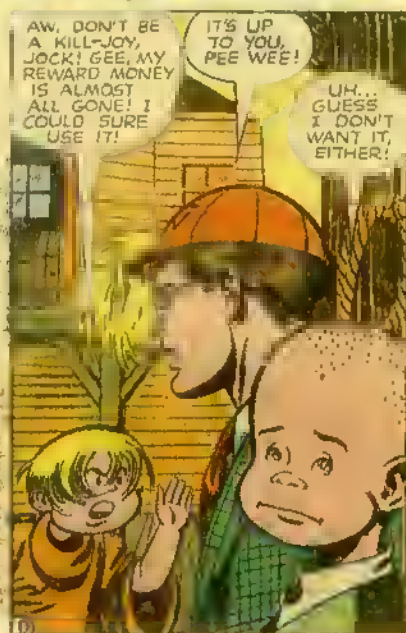
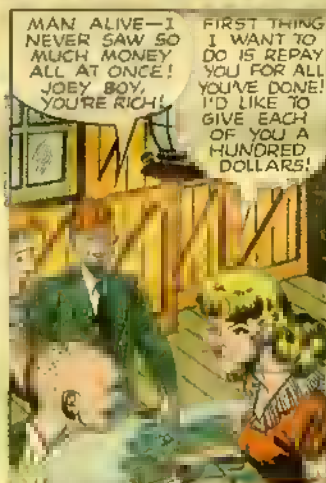


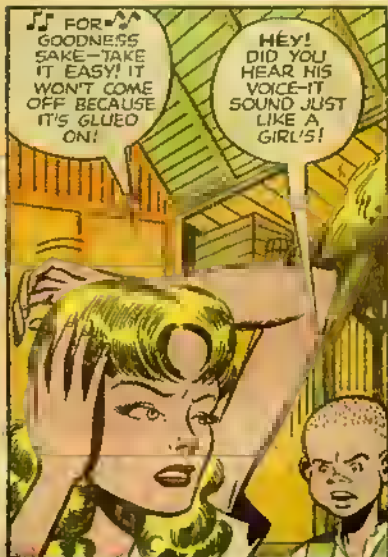
LET'S GO DOWN TO THE "Y" RIGHT AWAY! WE'LL GO ALONG FOR MORAL SUPPORT AND HELP KEEP THE WOLVES AWAY!

I HOPE I CAN GET ROOM 707!

TELL 'EM YOU'RE AN ARTIST AND YOU WANT TO PAINT THE VIEW FROM THERE!

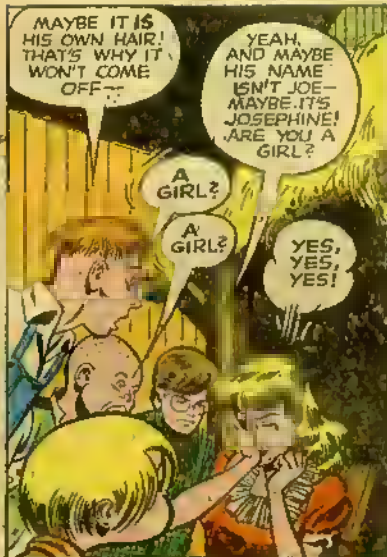






♪ FOR ♪  
GOODNESS  
SAKE—TAKE  
IT EASY! IT  
WON'T COME  
OFF BECAUSE  
IT'S GLUED  
ON!

HEY!  
DID YOU  
HEAR HIS  
VOICE—IT  
SOUND JUST  
LIKE A  
GIRL'S!



MAYBE IT IS  
HIS OWN HAIR!  
THAT'S WHY IT  
WON'T COME  
OFF—

YEAH,  
AND MAYBE  
HIS NAME  
ISN'T JOE—  
MAYBE IT'S  
JOSEPHINE!  
ARE YOU A  
GIRL?

A  
GIRL?

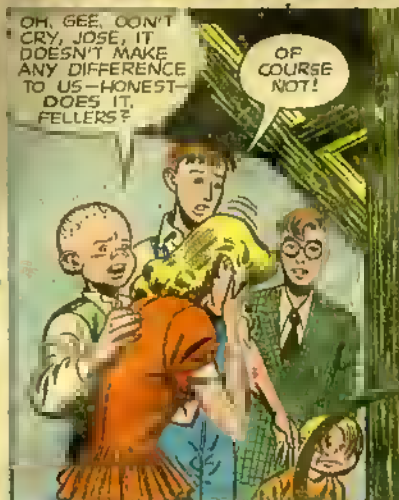
A  
GIRL?

YES,  
YES,  
YES!



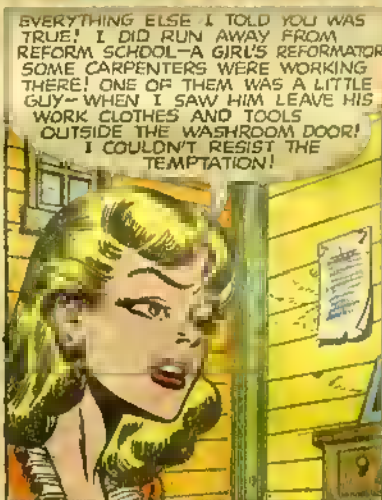
BOY,  
O' BOY! HOW  
DO YOU LIKE  
THAT? HEY,  
WHAT WAS  
THE BIG  
IDEA!

I WOULD  
HAVE TOLD  
YOU, BUT I  
WAS AFRAID  
YOU WOULDN'T  
HAVE LET ME  
STICK WITH  
YOU!

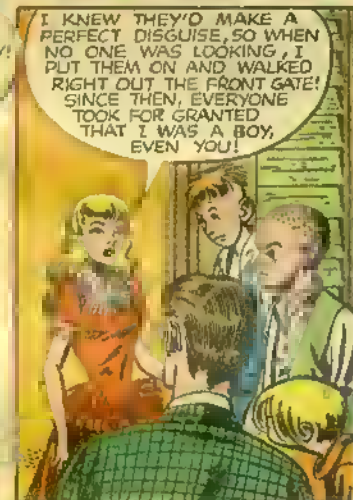


OH, GEE, DON'T  
CRY, JOSE, IT  
DOESN'T MAKE  
ANY DIFFERENCE  
TO US—HONEST—  
DOES IT,  
FELLERS?

OF  
COURSE  
NOT!



EVERYTHING ELSE I TOLD YOU WAS  
TRUE! I DID RUN AWAY FROM  
REFORM SCHOOL—A GIRL'S REFORMATORY!  
SOME CARPENTERS WERE WORKING  
THERE! ONE OF THEM WAS A LITTLE  
GUY—WHEN I SAW HIM LEAVE HIS  
WORK CLOTHES AND TOOLS  
OUTSIDE THE WASHROOM DOOR!  
I COULDN'T RESIST THE  
TEMPTATION!



I KNEW THEY'D MAKE A  
PERFECT DISGUISE, SO WHEN  
NO ONE WAS LOOKING, I  
PUT THEM ON AND WALKED  
RIGHT OUT THE FRONT GATE!  
SINCE THEN, EVERYONE  
TOOK FOR GRANTED  
THAT I WAS A BOY,  
EVEN YOU!



SO THAT'S  
WHY YOU  
INSISTED ON  
SLEEPING  
OUT IN THE  
SHED!  
HA, HA, HA!

AND THAT'S  
WHY YOU  
CAN COOK THE  
WAY YOU  
DO!



JOE, NOW I THINK  
IT'S MORE  
IMPORTANT THAN  
EVER THAT YOU  
SQUARE THINGS WITH  
THE AUTHORITIES!  
YOU DON'T WANT  
TO BE A FUGITIVE  
ALL YOUR LIFE,  
DO YOU?

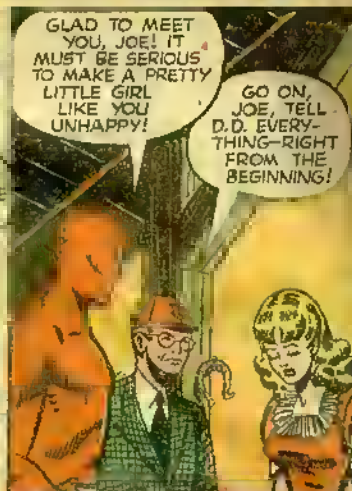
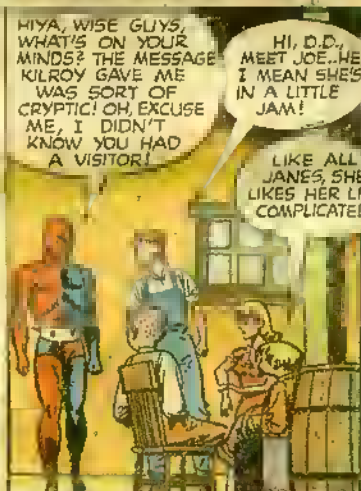
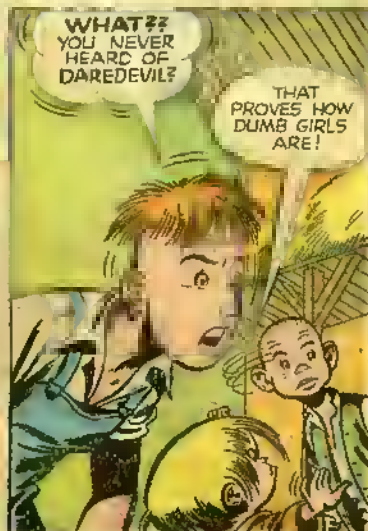
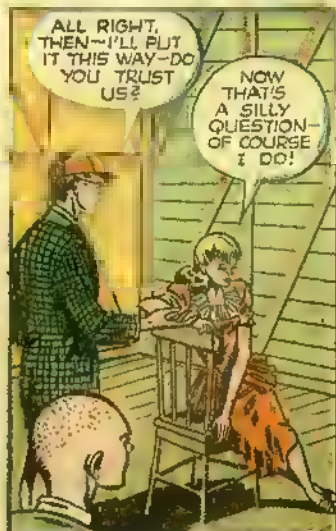
THAT'S OUT! NOTHING  
DOING—I KNOW WHAT  
WOULD HAPPEN IF  
THEY'D SEND ME  
BACK TO REFORM  
SCHOOL! THEY WON'T  
BELIEVE ME—I WON'T  
GO BACK THERE!  
I WON'T!

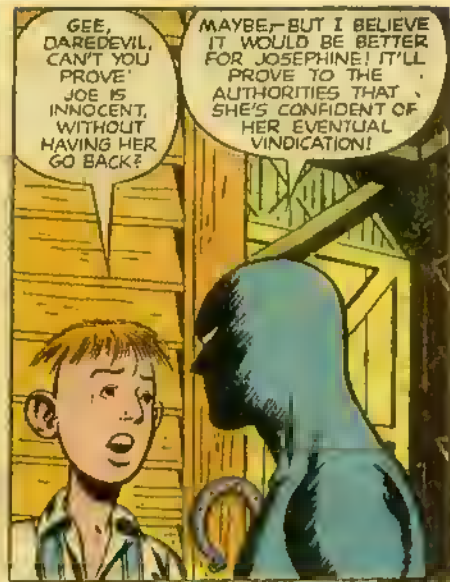


MAYBE  
THEY WOULDN'T  
BELIEVE YOU  
BEFORE—BUT  
NOW YOU HAVE  
THE PROOF—THAT  
LETTER FROM  
YOUR SISTER!

AND WHAT'S TO  
PREVENT THEIR  
SAYING THAT  
I STOLE THIS  
\$14,000, AND  
WROTE THE  
LETTER  
MYSELF! I  
WON'T TAKE THAT  
CHANCE, JOCK,  
I'M SCARED!











HEY, MILLIE, LOOKIT-IT'S JOSEPHINE!

SHE MUST BE OFF HER NUT!

JOSEPHINE!



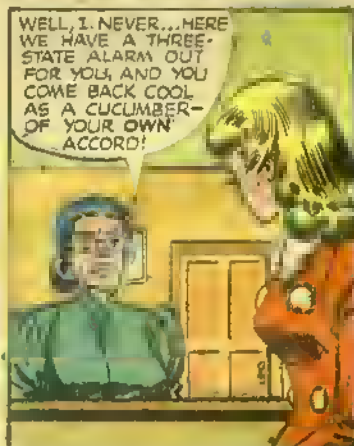
SHE'S COMING BACK OF HER OWN ACCORD, TOO! SHE MUST BE CRAZY!

IMAGINE ANYONE COMIN' BACK HERE!



JOSEPHINE!!

I...I... DECIDED TO COME BACK, MISS BRACE!



WELL, I NEVER...HERE WE HAVE A THREE-STATE ALARM OUT FOR YOU, AND YOU COME BACK COOL AS A CUCUMBER-OF YOUR OWN ACCORD!

THANK YOU!



YOU UNDERSTAND THAT BY RUNNING AWAY, YOU'VE FORFEITED ALL YOUR TIME OFF FOR GOOD BEHAVIOR AND ALL YOUR SPECIAL PRIVILEGES!

YES, I DO!



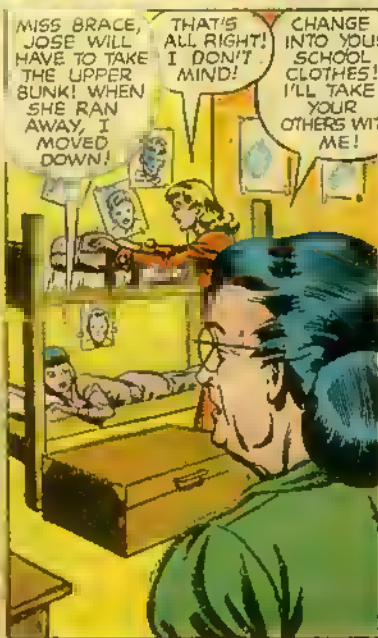
YOU'RE A GOOD GIRL-I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET SOME CREDIT FOR COMING BACK OF YOUR OWN FREE WILL! NOW COME ALONG WITH ME! YOUR OLD ROOM'S STILL WAITING, AND HERE'S A FRESH UNIFORM!

THANK YOU!



THEY CAUGHT YA, EH, JOSE-TOUGH LUCK, KID!

IF I EVER BUSTED OUT, THEY'D HAVE TO BRING ME BACK FEET FIRST!



MISS BRACE, JOSE WILL HAVE TO TAKE THE UPPER BUNK! WHEN SHE RAN AWAY, I MOVED DOWN!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT! I DON'T MIND!

CHANGE INTO YOUR SCHOOL CLOTHES! I'LL TAKE YOUR OTHERS WITH ME!

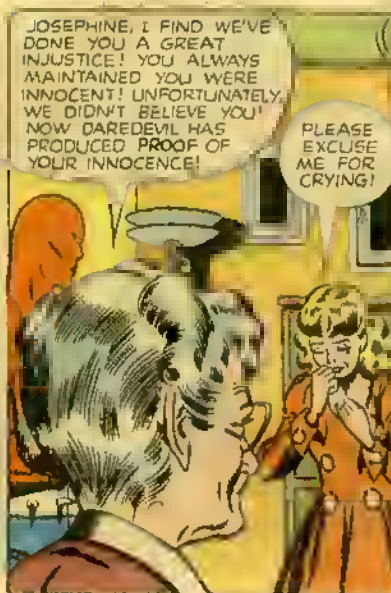


MISS BRACE, A CALL JUST CAME FROM THE DIRECTOR'S OFFICE TO BRING JOSEPHINE TO THE MAIN BUILDING RIGHT AWAY!

IN THAT CASE, NEVER MIND CHANGING, JOSEPHINE! YOU CAN COME AS YOU ARE!



**DAREDEVIL!**  
HOW DID YOU GET  
HERE SO SOON? YOU  
COULDN'T POSSIBLY  
HAVE STRAIGHTENED OUT  
EVERYTHING SO  
QUICKLY!



JOSEPHINE, I FIND WE'VE  
DONE YOU A GREAT  
INJUSTICE! YOU ALWAYS  
MAINTAINED YOU WERE  
INNOCENT! UNFORTUNATELY,  
WE DIDN'T BELIEVE YOU!  
NOW DAREDEVIL HAS  
PRODUCED PROOF OF  
YOUR INNOCENCE!

PLEASE  
EXCUSE  
ME FOR  
CRYING!



OH, WONDERFUL!  
WONDERFUL!  
DAREDEVIL, TELL  
ME HOW YOU  
DID IT!

IT WASN'T SO  
HARD! AFTER ALL,  
YOU FURNISHED  
ALL THE LEADS!  
THE FIRST THING  
I DID WAS VISIT  
YOUR HIGH  
SCHOOL IN  
LINCOLN!

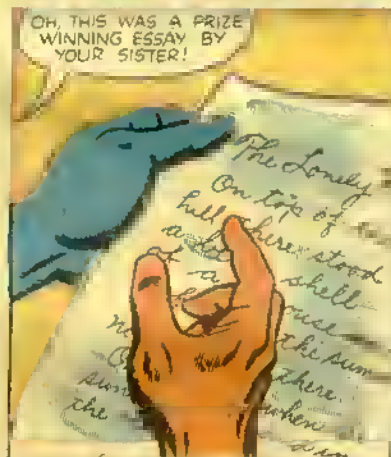


THERE, YOUR OLD PRINCIPAL GAVE ME  
A PHOTOSTATIC COPY OF A PAGE OF  
THE SCHOOL REGISTER FOR YOUR  
FRESHMAN YEAR—AND RIGHT ABOVE  
YOUR NAME WAS THAT OF YOUR  
SISTER'S—SHE WAS A SENIOR THEN!



GO ON—LOOK AT  
IT! DOES IT LOOK  
FAMILIAR!

OH, YES, BUT  
I STILL DON'T  
UNDERSTAND—  
WHAT'S THE  
OTHER  
PAPER?



OH, THIS WAS A PRIZE  
WINNING ESSAY BY  
YOUR SISTER!

*The Lonely*  
On top of  
a hill, where I stood  
at a shell  
no one  
the sun  
where  
the

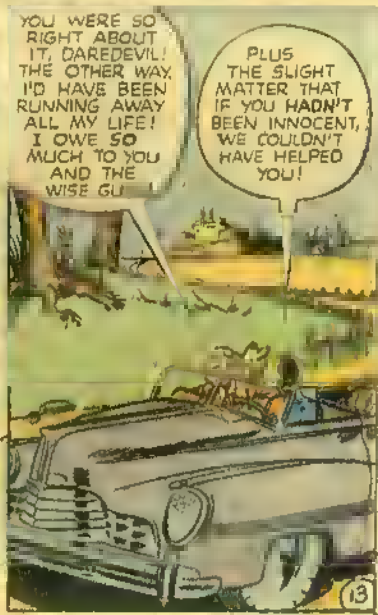


A FRIEND OF MINE WHO'S A  
HANDWRITING EXPERT FOR THE  
FBI PROVED BEYOND A SHADOW  
OF A DOUBT THAT THIS  
COMPOSITION WAS WRITTEN  
BY THE SAME PERSON WHO  
WROTE THE LETTER—IN  
OTHER WORDS, YOUR  
SISTER!



AND THAT, OF  
COURSE, MEANS  
THE CHARGE  
AGAINST YOU  
WILL BE WITHDRAWN  
AT ONCE! YOU'RE  
FREE TO LEAVE  
HERE—AND WE  
OWE YOU AN  
APOLOGY!

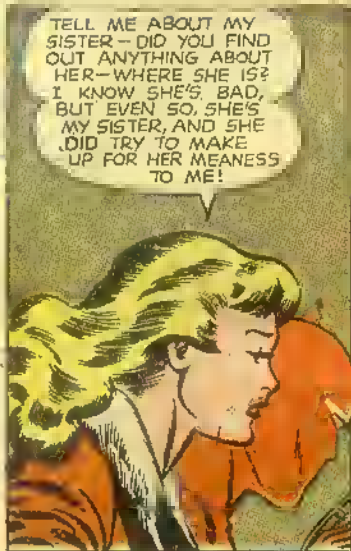
OH... I CAN  
HARDLY  
BELIEVE  
I'M FREE!!  
**YIPPEE!!**



YOU WERE SO  
RIGHT ABOUT  
IT, DAREDEVIL!  
THE OTHER WAY,  
I'D HAVE BEEN  
RUNNING AWAY  
ALL MY LIFE!  
I OWE SO  
MUCH TO YOU  
AND THE  
WISE GU!

PLUS  
THE SLIGHT  
MATTER THAT  
IF YOU HADN'T  
BEEN INNOCENT,  
WE COULDN'T  
HAVE HELPED  
YOU!

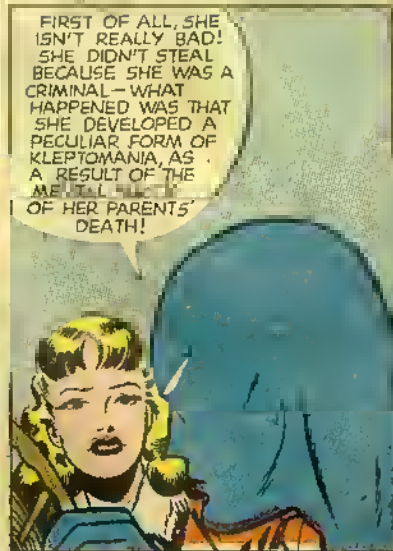




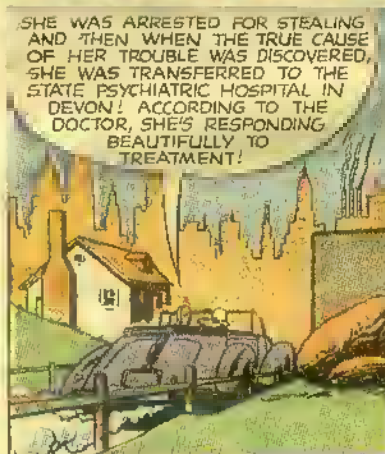
TELL ME ABOUT MY SISTER—DID YOU FIND OUT ANYTHING ABOUT HER—WHERE SHE IS? I KNOW SHE'S BAD, BUT EVEN SO, SHE'S MY SISTER, AND SHE DID TRY TO MAKE UP FOR HER MEANNESS TO ME!



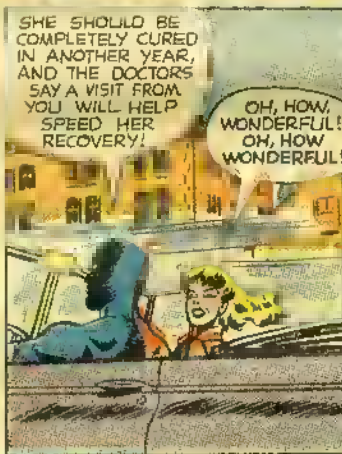
YES, I FOUND YOUR SISTER, TOO! IT WASN'T TOO HARD, BECAUSE I FOUND A PICTURE OF HER IN THE HIGH SCHOOL YEAR BOOK! I CHECKED THAT AGAINST POLICE RECORDS! THE NEWS I HAVE IS BOTH GOOD AND BAD!



FIRST OF ALL, SHE ISN'T REALLY BAD! SHE DIDN'T STEAL BECAUSE SHE WAS A CRIMINAL—WHAT HAPPENED WAS THAT SHE DEVELOPED A PECULIAR FORM OF KLEPTOMANIA, AS A RESULT OF THE MEETINGS OF HER PARENTS' DEATH!



SHE WAS ARRESTED FOR STEALING AND THEN WHEN THE TRUE CAUSE OF HER TROUBLE WAS DISCOVERED, SHE WAS TRANSFERRED TO THE STATE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL IN DEVON! ACCORDING TO THE DOCTOR, SHE'S RESPONDING BEAUTIFULLY TO TREATMENT!



SHE SHOULD BE COMPLETELY CURED IN ANOTHER YEAR, AND THE DOCTORS SAY A VISIT FROM YOU WILL HELP SPEED HER RECOVERY!

OH, HOW WONDERFUL! OH, HOW WONDERFUL!



HOW ABOUT YOURSELF? WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS? YOU CAN'T GO ON LIVING IN THE SHED OF THE BARN, AND YOU'RE STILL TOO YOUNG TO LIVE ALONE!

I KNOW—I'VE ALREADY THOUGHT ABOUT THAT!



I COULD TAKE SOME OF THE \$7,000 TO PAY MY TUITION TO THAT WONDERFUL BOARDING SCHOOL, BARDSVILLE—IT'S NOT FAR FROM DEVON! I'D BE VERY NEAR TO MY SISTER!



I HOPE YOU AND THE WISE GUYS WILL VISIT ME \*OFTEN!

I'M GLAD YOU FEEL THAT WAY—THEY ARE FINE BOYS! WHERE WILL YOU STAY UNTIL YOU ENTER BARDSVILLE?



I STILL HAVE THAT ROOM AT THE "Y" WOULD YOU PLEASE DROP ME OFF THERE!

PERFECT—ONLY YOU HAVE A DATE WITH THE WISE GUYS FIRST! THEY'RE EXPECTING YOU AT THE BARN! THEY'VE GOT A BIG BONE TO PICK WITH YOU!

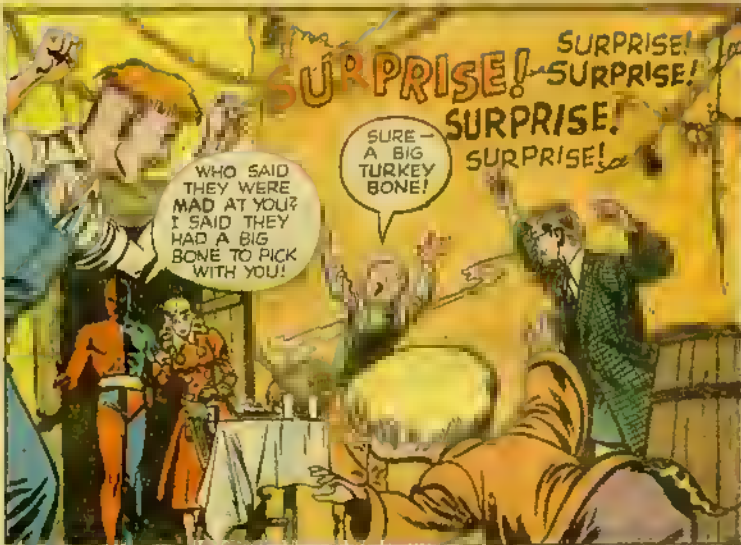
A BONE TO PICK WITH ME? GOOD HEAVENS—WHY?

ALL I KNOW IS THAT THEY WERE PRETTY SERIOUS ABOUT IT!



HERE WE ARE—YOU GO IN, FIRST!

I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY THEY'RE MAD AT ME!



WHO SAID THEY WERE MAD AT YOU? I SAID THEY HAD A BIG BONE TO PICK WITH YOU!

SURE—A BIG TURKEY BONE!

SURPRISE! SURPRISE! SURPRISE! SURPRISE!



OH, OH, YOU DARLINGS—A SURPRISE PARTY FOR ME! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

HEY, LEGGO! PUT ME DOWN!!



I DON'T KNOW WHEN I'VE HAD SUCH A WONDERFUL PARTY! HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU?

AW—IT WASN'T ANYTHING! WE HAD FUN PLANNING IT!

I ROASTED THE TURKEY—AND IT DIDN'T BURN!



YOU KNOW, IF IT WASN'T THAT I DON'T LIKE GIRLS ON PRINCIPLE, I COULD GO FOR HER, BUT IT WOULD TAKE TIME!

IT'S SO NICE OF YOU ALL TO ESCORT ME TO THE "Y"...OH, COULD YOU WAIT JUST A MINUTE—THERE'S SOMETHING I MUST DO!



PARDON ME, I OWE YOU THIS!

HUH? FIVE DOLLARS? WHAT FOR? I NEVER SAW YOU BEFORE!



IT'S FOR SOME TURKEY SANDWICHES I BORROWED! THANK YOU, AND GOOD NIGHT!

HEY, LADY—I...WAIT!



NOW WHADDYA MAKE OF THAT? SHE MUST BE CRAZY—TURKEY SANDWICHES! I DON'T KNOW WHAT SHE'S TALKIN' ABOUT! SHE'S NUTS ALRIGHT, BUT I WISH THERE WERE MORE CRAZY PEOPLE LIKE HER!

THE END



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# DAGGER OF DEATH

## A CRIMEBUSTER STORY

**T**HE long room was lined on every side with gleaming glass showcases, all of which glowed from within and were lit by cleverly concealed, indirect lighting. Backed by soft red and deep black satins, the thousands of art treasures gave ample proof of both the exquisite taste and the wealth of the man who owned them, J. Walter Thom.

To put it more correctly, we must say, the man who *had* owned them. For portly, white-haired J. Walter Thom lay dead in the center of the floor, a crimson splash of blood staining the snowy white of his dress shirt.

"It looks as if you have a tough case on your hands, Inspector," said *Crimebuster*, as the business-like group of fingerprint experts, photographers and detectives filed out of the room with their equipment.

Police Inspector Crandall passed a weary hand over his face, and glared at the smashed showcase nearest to the body. "You said a mouthful," he answered. "No fingerprints, no witnesses—nothing but the fact that he was killed with his own famous Daroglio Dagger, which is the only thing missing!"

"If you want my guess," said *Crimebuster*, "Thom was killed by another art collector. One of those fanatics who'll stop at nothing to get a treasure he feels he must have."

"Sure, sure," said Crandall. "Only there are thousands of art collectors!"

*Crimebuster* glanced around the room. "Here's an angle, though. None of the other valuable things have been touched. Suppose we assume that the killer was interested only in the dagger. You know, there are people whose interest is not in the intrinsic beauty of an object, but in its power—in this case, the power of death held by the dagger. Now, that narrows it down a bit!"

"Okay," answered Crandall. "So we'll go question all the art dealers, and ask them if they love daggers because daggers are made to kill! Hah!"

"Daggers, daggers," mused *Crimebuster*. "I know somebody somewhere—of course! Listen, Crandall, a friend of mine, George Coffey, owns the Angelico Dagger, and it's just as famous as the Daroglio! Now, look, I've got a plan, but you'll have to arrange the details—"

The next afternoon, as *Crimebuster* entered Police Headquarters, Crandall waved a copy of the daily paper at him. "I got it in, all right,"

he said, "it's all here, right beside the story of Thom's murder. Jack Elliot wrote a feature story about famous daggers, and gave plenty of space to the Angelico—even mentioned your friend Coffey and his address!"

"I know," answered *Crimebuster*. "George has been fine about it. He's been bothered all day by calls from collectors who want to buy the thing, but he's willing to play along. I'll be at his house tonight, and I think our little plan will work. Now, here's what you do—"

Late that night, *Crimebuster* sat in the big living room of George Coffey's home, holding the Angelico Dagger in his hands. "It's beautiful, all right," he mused, staring at the slender, gleaming blade. "Old Angelico was certainly an artist. And from the looks of this thing, he was a humanist, too."

*Crimebuster* sat up straight, and placed the dagger in its case, as the doorbell rang. The butler could be heard answering it. "It's getting late," muttered *Crimebuster*. "I hope we haven't guessed wrong."

The butler appeared in the hall doorway. "Another art collector, sir. Shall I inform him that the dagger is not for sale?"

"Yes, Johnson," answered *Crimebuster*. "But remember—memorize and tell me exactly what the man says."

A moment later the butler was back. "This one refuses to leave, sir. He says that he knows the dagger is not for sale, but that he absolutely must see you."

*Crimebuster* rose. "Show him in, Johnson—this may be my boy!"

The man who appeared in the doorway was tall, muscular in a lanky way, and slightly stooped. His small bright eyes gleamed out from under bushy brows at *Crimebuster*, as he advanced, his hand outstretched.

"Mr. Coffey?" *Crimebuster* inclined his head slightly, and the man spoke hurriedly, eagerly. "My name is Luther Kandler. I'm an art collector. I—I must say I'm surprised to find you so young. We collectors are usually older men."

*Crimebuster* motioned toward a chair. "Sit down, Mr. Kandler. Frankly, I don't know why I decided to see you, unless it's because I'm rather lonely tonight, after hiding all day from other collectors like yourself. You know, of course, that the dagger is absolutely not for sale?"



Kandler nodded wisely. "Of course! I assure you, I know the fascination such a treasure can have on its owner—far above any monetary consideration. I have come only to ask a small favor of you. Would you—could you possibly let me see the Angelico?"

Crimebuster smiled. "I think so. But first, would you care for some coffee, or a brandy, perhaps?"

Kandler twisted his hands together nervously. "No, no—thank you, but I must hurry! If I may just see the dagger?"

Crimebuster rose, letting Kandler see the dagger case in his hands. Kandler leaned forward tensely. "Johnson! Oh, Johnson," called Crimebuster. When the butler appeared, Crimebuster said, "I let the others go some time ago, Johnson, and I don't care to answer any more doorbells tonight. You may have the evening off, too!"

Kandler sat staring at the little case in Crimebuster's hands, only the flicker of his eyes indicating that he had noticed the brief appearance of the butler.

Crimebuster stepped to Kandler's side, opened the flat case, and placed it in Kandler's shaking hands.

For a moment, Kandler merely stared, and Crimebuster smiled slightly at the man's expression of utter, possessive greed. Then, without taking his eyes from the dagger, Kandler reached a fluttering hand towards it, and muttered, "May I—take it from the case?"

"Of course," answered Crimebuster quietly.

Kandler lifted the shining blade gently from its case, and stared at it silently for a full minute. Then his burning eyes turned slowly to Crimebuster.

"I know the value in money of this—this priceless treasure," he said slowly. "And I am prepared to offer you exactly three times that amount—in cash!"

Crimebuster shrugged, and settled down in his chair. "I'm sorry, Kandler—but I thought you understood. The dagger is not for sale!"

Kandler frowned, and glared at the slouching boy in front of him. "I will make you one last offer, Mr. Coffey! I have some—some other objects which I can sell, and I simply must have this dagger! I will give you five times the price of the blade! And I warn you—you would do well to agree!"

Crimebuster pretended to consider the offer. As he sat lost in thought, he watched Kandler's face grow slowly dark and forbidden, the tension rising in him as the moments ticked by.

Finally, Crimebuster spoke. "That's a very tempting offer, Mr. Kandler. But as you have already said, both of us know the fascination, the, shall we say *power*, felt by the possessor of

that dagger. I'm afraid I can't bring myself to part with it!"

Kandler leaped to his feet, the blood raging in his face and the dagger clasped in his hand. He took several swift steps, and leaned over to glare down at Crimebuster.

"Don't play games with me, you young fool," he shouted. "Of course I know the power inherent in this dagger! Why do you think I offered you a fortune for it?"

Crimebuster squirmed in his chair, simulating a look of fear, and tried to speak placatingly. "Take it easy, Mr. Kandler," he said nervously. "There must be other beautiful daggers in the world! Why, you could buy some of the finest art objects known for less than you offered me!"

Kandler grasped Crimebuster's shirt front with his free hand, and waved the slim, wicked blade under his nose. His voice rasped hoarsely as he spoke.

"I already have other daggers," he said, "and I am not afraid to use them! They belong to me, as this one does, because I alone use them as they were intended to be used! They are instruments of destruction, and they must taste blood—as this one is about to taste yours! I am not afraid to kill for this treasure—"

"The way you killed Thom for his Daroglio Dagger?" Crimebuster's voice was sharp.

"Yes!" With his strangled shout, Kandler smashed the gleaming blade to its hilt into Crimebuster's chest!

Suddenly the room was a bedlam. A hoarse voice screamed, "Murderer! Killer!" And Crandall, followed by several men, dashed from a hiding place behind a line of heavy curtains. Crandall's face was black with rage as he rushed towards Kandler.

But Crandall was too late. Kandler suddenly screamed in terror, and straightened up like a bent spring. A split second later, there was a sharp crack of bone on bone, and Kandler hit the floor with a thud, unconscious before he landed.

Crimebuster stood scowling down at him. "Sorry, Crandall," he said. "I know that wasn't necessary, but I couldn't help it! The man has the heart of a snake!"

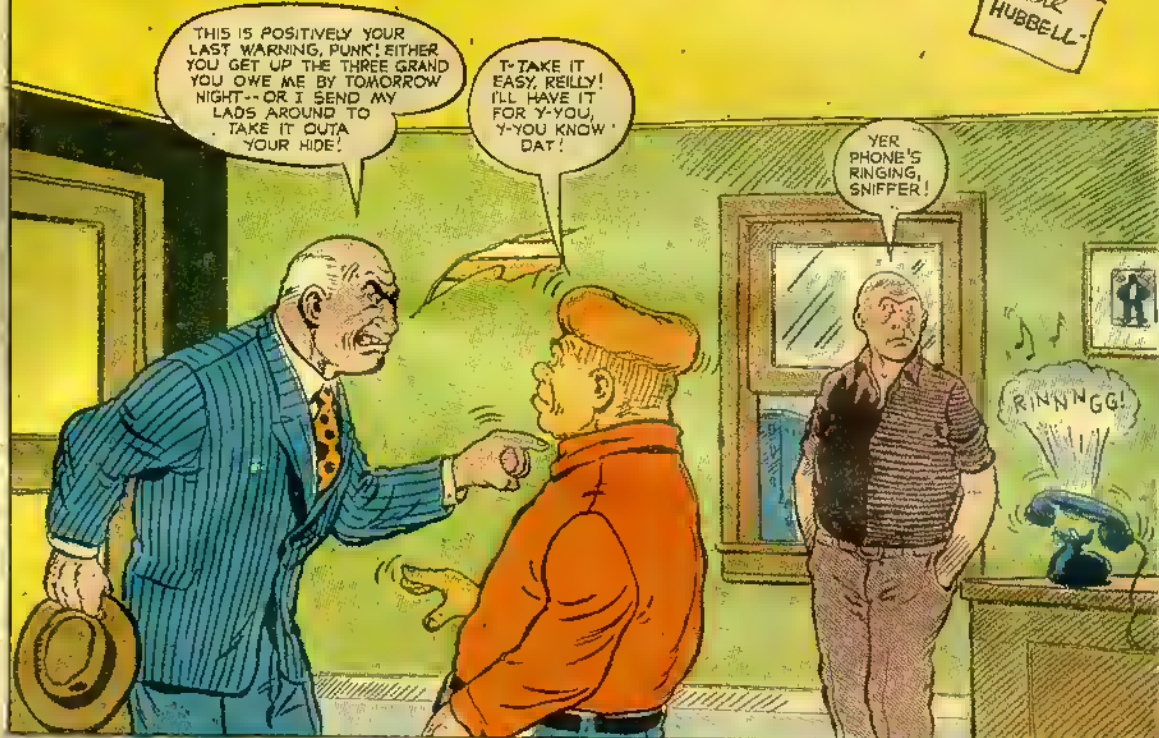
A few minutes later, as Crandall's men turned to the door and carried the half-unconscious Kandler away, Crandall picked up the dagger and wonderingly pushed its spring blade, watching it sink out of sight into the hilt.

Crimebuster grinned. "Tricky, isn't it? Just think, if Kandler had been a real student of art, instead of merely being interested in weapons of destruction, he'd have known that old Angelico loved the human race—and made sure that his beautiful dagger could never kill!"

THE END

# SNIFFER

by  
CARL  
HUBBELL







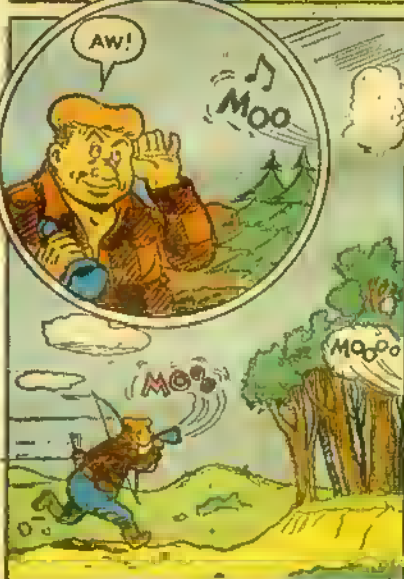






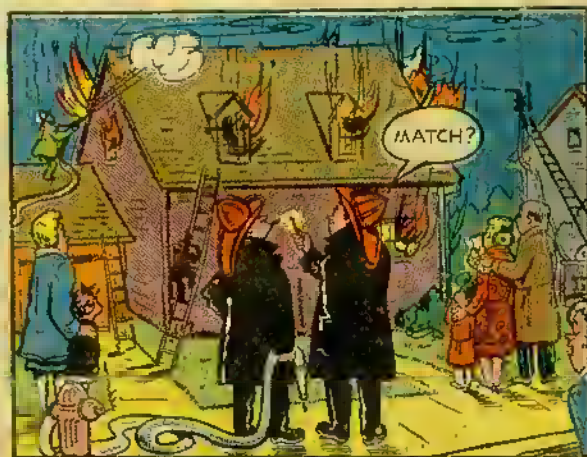












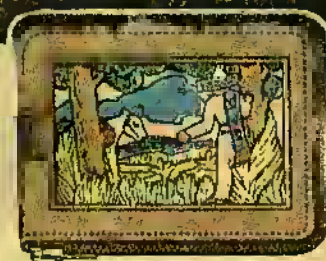
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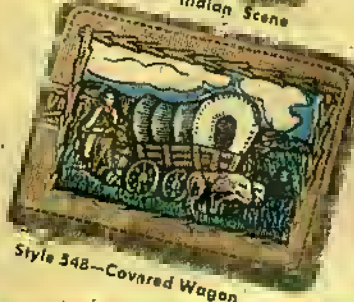
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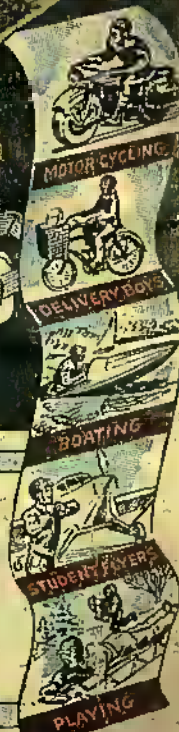
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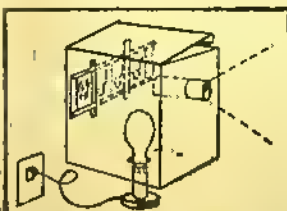
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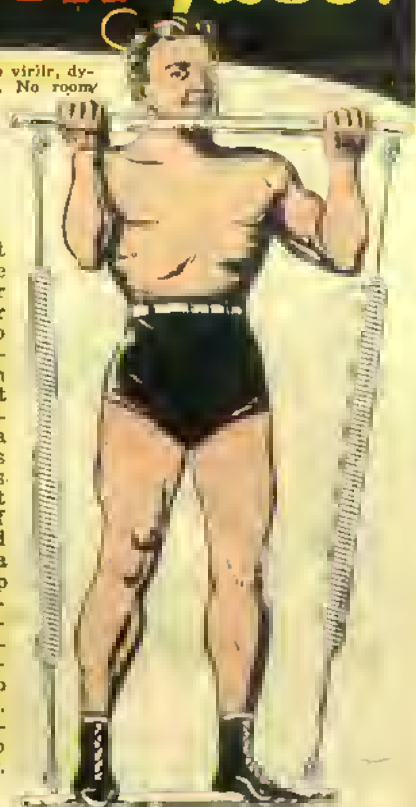
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